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LITERATURE.

The Poetical Works of Lord Houghton. In Two Volumes. (London: John Murray, 1876.)

It is only since the publication of the *Idyls of the King* that Mr. Tennyson has become what may be called a representative poet—a poet, that is, who guides and leads the poetical sentiment of the community or a large and growing body within it; till then he had readers and admirers and students, but he had not followers like the great poets of the first quarter of the century. Between the generation which was guided by them and the generation which is guided by Tennyson and Browning, Rossetti and Swinburne, there is an interval of thirty or forty years, in which there was no king in Israel, but every man did what was right in his own eyes; in which representatives of the cultivated public came to the front of the general movement without being enough in advance of it to give it a new direction. The close of this period was marked by the brief popularity of the Spasmodic School, who expressed the impatience for vehement thought and emotion, no matter how crude, which importunes clever young men, especially in the absence of any near and recent and brilliant ideals. If we wish to ascertain the tendencies and aspirations of those who abode in the light when the Spasmodists had most followers, we must turn to Clough and Matthew Arnold; for the earlier part of the poetical interregnum which preceded their rise we must turn to Lord Houghton, whom we have to thank for a collection of his poems which will give real enjoyment to readers who are too young to have known him before except by his sympathetic biographical studies.

Certainly the first thing to say of Lord Houghton's poems is that they are directly pleasurable—bright and clear and sunshiny, and, wherever they are overcast with sadness, the "fantastic gloom" of which he speaks is never too deep to remind us that shadows are thrown by the sun. What strikes us next is the genial versatility of a writer who has gathered the fruits of life in their several seasons, which is rare good fortune, and has been content to let each season in its turn go by, which is wisdom rarer than good fortune. The result is a bright shifting phantasmagoria of pictures and moods which it is easier to enjoy than to estimate. There is no salient characteristic to which the critic can trace everything else, no literary ideal which the author always keeps in view. One might follow the example of Horace and compare him to a

bee, but there are two points from which Horace looks at bees—he asks his friend round what thyme he hovers lightly; he speaks himself of all his toil in culling the thyme he loves, and fashioning it into laboured songs. Lord Houghton's poems have the perfume of many flowers, which we recollect now and then bees do not plant, but we never feel that it was a difficult task to hive the honey. Perhaps it is because the writer has the *ars celare artem*, but there is an unaffected look about the occasional negligences of diction and metre which comes very near a proof that the general smoothness and finish is not the fruit of labour. Another thing which leads one to recognise the easy outpouring of a really harmonious nature is the relation of more than one poem to the work of earlier poets. A laborious writer who accepted the influence of his predecessors is apt to refine upon what he borrows, and to be anxious to prove that he wears his rue with a difference; but Lord Houghton, when he borrows, never seeks any change but what comes of itself when a thought passes from one spirit to another. Here is a stanza from "The Eld," which in one sense might be said to be taken almost direct from Wordsworth:—

"Oh, glory! that we wrestle
So valiantly with Time,
And do not alway nestle
In listlessness or crime:
We do not live and die
Irrevocably blind,
But raise our hands and sigh
For the might we left behind."

The whole poem reminds us continually of the "Intimations of Immortality," though Wordsworth deals with the regrets and hopes which gather round the past of the individual, while Lord Houghton deals rather with the past of the race. But how fresh and vigorous the later poem is: there is the same gain in reading it as there is in hearing a master of the instrument perform a fantasia for the piano on motives taken from elaborate concerted music. Here, again, are some stanzas from "Sorrows":—

"Sister Sorrow! sit beside me,
Or, if I must wander, guide me;
Let me take thy hand in mine,
Cold alike are mine and thine.

Softly takest Thou the crown
From my haughty temples down;
Place it on thine own pale brow,
Pleasure wears one—why not Thou?"

Let the blossoms glisten there,
On thy long unbanded hair,
And, when I have borne my pain,
Thou wilt give them me again.

If Thou goest, sister Sorrow,
I shall look for Thee to-morrow—
I shall often see Thee drest
As a masquerading guest.

And how'er Thou hid'st the name,
I shall know Thee still the same
As Thou sitt'st beside me now,
With my garland on thy brow."

Any reader who knows his *Endymion* will recognise that the germ of this is to be found in the introduction and finale to the glorious "roundelay" which the disguised goddess sings to her worshipper; but how few of the readers of Keats have read him to such purpose: how much better such imitation, if we are to call it so, is than the most intelligent and sympathetic criticism.

And this exquisite readiness of sympathy reaches forward as well as backward. This was written in 1830, and cannot be an echo of *In Memoriam*:—

"He who for Love has undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier thousand-fold than one
Who never loved at all;
A grace within his soul has reigned,
Which nothing else can bring—
Thank God for all that I have gained,
By that high suffering."

Here, too, is a quatrain which was published before *Omar Khayyam* was known in Europe:—

"Father! if we may well endure
The ill, that with our lives begins,
May'st Thou, to whom all things are pure,
Endure our follies and our sins!"

In the "Two Theologies" the mystic anticipates much of Clough's most characteristic verse and of Matthew Arnold's prose. And in general the poems which deal with Mahometanism show that the writer's sympathetic imagination had carried him to a point full thirty years in advance of the general opinions of cultivated and instructed contemporaries. It is still a distinction to say in prose what the author of *Palm Leaves* said long ago in verse; yet the Mahometan poems are seldom quite satisfactory. One admires the author for having got hold of the right points, but one feels that he keeps outside his subject and hardly ever penetrates to its centre, and almost complains of having been brought too near for a good general view, as one is to be left outside after all. But there are moments when the writer's insight pierces very deep into the doctrine of identity which is not exactly Pantheism. Perhaps the best is "Discordant Elements."

"In the sight of God all-seeing
Once a handful of loose foam
Played upon the sea of being,
Like a child about its home:
In his smile it shone delighted,
Danced beneath his swaying hand,
But at last was cast benighted
On the cold and alien land.

Can it wait till waves returning
Bear it to its parent breast?
Can it bear the noontide's burning,
Dwelling Earth's contented guest?
Oh! no, it will filter slowly
Through the hard ungenial shore,
Till each particle be wholly
In the deep absorbed once more."

"The Moth" is too long. English will not yield double rhymes for nine consecutive stanzas without some stiffness, except to metrists of the heroic force of Shelley and Swinburne; but the two first stanzas and the last are very good:—

"Parted from th' eternal presence
Into life the Soul is born,
In its fragmentary essence
Left unwittingly forlorn.

In the shrubbery's scented shadows
First the insect tries its wings,
In the evening's misty meadows
It pursues the fairy rings."

Think not what thou art, Believer,
Think but what thou may'st become;
For the World is thy deceiver,
And the Light thy only home."

How empty and "notional" and cramped the way in which even a great ecclesiastical

historian like Dean Milman treats asceticism appears after this:—

"See the Faker as he swings on his iron,
See the thin Hermit that starves in the wild;
Think ye no pleasures the penance environ,
And hope the sole bliss by which pain is beguiled?
No! in the kingdoms those spirits are reaching,
Vain are our words the emotions to tell;
Vain the distinctions our senses are teaching,
For Pain has its Heaven and Pleasure its Hell!"

The poems on Greece and Italy are upon the whole more commonplace: they are an expression of what most educated and accomplished travellers might feel; but even here we come upon more than one flash of perception like this:—

"Now no curious hind in the noontide's magical
ardour
Peeps through the blossoming trellice, that over the
pool's dark crystal
Guards the immaculate forms of the awful Olympian
bathers."

And it is a happy piece of tact to separate the text and commentary in the treatment of the Tannhäuser legend, and give us first a ballad under the old name and then the "Northern Knight in Italy," suggesting the kind of experiences out of which such legends grew. The gem of the whole of this part of Lord Houghton's work is the little poems on "Pictures," where the story is dramatised with a naïve piety which recalls Calderon.

Lord Houghton has told us in his preface that the popular song "The Beating of our own Hearts" was laid aside as an unconsidered trifle, and he has drawn the reasonable inference that it is a mistake for an author to be over-severe in weeding the flowers in his garden. He is aware that there is a good deal that is subjective and unreal in the poems suggested by the sense of closing youth, but this detracts less than he seems to suppose from their permanent value. A recurrent illusion is one of the most permanent and respectable facts in the world, and really deserves study better than the opinion which, at a given moment, happens to be mounting from the rank of a stimulating paradox to that of an unquestionable formula. And it is not unlikely that, just because the movement of ideas, outside ecclesiastical circles, was slack when Lord Houghton wrote, he has been able to give lucid utterance to moods which generally pass away in silent, wasteful confusion. "When my heart is vexed I will complain" is a good motto, though no longer a fashionable one, and it is well to have the complaint set to music—the complaint of those who see that effusive intimacies are hard to keep up, that the strife of will and power dulls the edge of both, and that the battle of life is only clear to those who take no part in it. All the poems of this series have great freshness and sweetness; if some of them lack concentration it is because they express the transient pangs of a healthy nature, not the abiding passion of a morbid one. This criticism does not apply to the remarkable set of verses entitled "The World to the Soul," which sums up a good deal of Lord Houghton's writings, and states all that can be made generally intelligible of the problem which is discussed throughout *Dipsychus* without being solved or even stated.

An earlier poem, "The Barren Hill," though less incisive, is perhaps more subtle and imaginative.

"Before my Home, a long straight Hill
Extends its barren bound,
And all who that way travel will
Must travel miles around;
Yet not the loveliest face of earth
To living man can be
A treasury of more precious worth
Than that bare Hill to me.

The hour when first that Hill I crost
Can yet my memory sting;
The dear self-trust that moment lost
No lore again can bring:
It seemed a foully broken bond
Of Nature and my kind,
That I should find the world beyond
The world I left behind.

But not in vain that hill-side stood
On many an after day,
When with returning steps I wooed
Revival of its sway;
It could not give me Truth where doubt
And sin had ample range;
But it was powerful to shut out
The ill it could not change.

And still performs a sacred part,
To my experienced eye,
This Pisgah which my virgin heart
Ascended but to die;
What was Reality before
In symbol now may live,
Endowed with right to promise more
Than ever it could give."

Of the poems which embody the author's mature convictions, and upon which he therefore sets a higher value, the best perhaps is "Domestic Fame," which sets forth in a manly and attractive way what a good thing it would be if more people cared to be honourably remembered in their families. This supplies a natural transition to the division of Lord Houghton's work in which there seems nowadays least to praise—the poems which deal with "the condition of England question." The proletariat, with its numbers, its needs and its patience, is a phenomenon which weighs increasingly on the imagination, and Lord Houghton has, at least, the merit of having looked at it frankly and simply without allowing himself to be biassed by doctrines and class prejudices; but after all it has not inspired him.

Nor can we say that we care very much for most of the narrative poems, in which well-known stories are treated pleasantly but diffusely; the best are "Prince Emilius of Hesse Darmstadt," and "A Christmas Legend," where the old story of the outcast taken home by the Christ-child is told with much sweetness and feeling. The memorial verses on different public or social characters are terse and graceful: one is glad to have them together in reach without wanting to turn to them. They are closely connected with what is most perfect and most memorable, and, alas! least abundant, in Lord Houghton's collection—the poems which deal with what may almost be called veiled tragedies. In a refined modern society there are a great many feelings which a growing reluctance to ruffle the outward decorum of life keeps back from reaching the stage of passion. Generally these subjects are dealt with, when they are dealt with at all, on the system of laying bare the smouldering fire and letting loose the flames

into which it is assumed it is ready to burst. In this way we miss the delicate and special pathos of such situations; and this Lord Houghton has given us more than once with a sure exquisite simplicity which it would be vain to seek elsewhere. We have only room for one more extract:—

"They seemed to those who saw them meet
The casual friends of every day:
Her smile was undisturbed and sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay.
But yet if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment heard,
The heart you thought so calm and tame
Would struggle like a captured bird.
And letters of mere formal phrase
Were blistered with repeated tears;
And this was not the work of days,
But had gone on for years and years!
Alas! that love was not too strong
For maiden shame and manly pride!
Alas! that they delayed so long
The goal of mutual bliss beside!
Yet what no chance could then reveal,
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse alone."

G. A. SIMCOX.

GENERAL BURGOYNE OF SARATOGA.

Political and Military Episodes in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century, derived from the Life and Correspondence of the Rt. Hon. John Burgoyne, General, Statesman, Dramatist. By Edward Barrington and A. Fonblanque. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1876.)

THIS is a well-written and agreeable book, but it will not attain its authors' purpose. Burgoyne of Saratoga is a mere tradition—a dim yet sad recollection of the past—yet we cannot agree with Mr. Fonblanque that "he has fared ill at the hands of writers" who have any claim to be heard on the subject. He has been justly described as a daring soldier, not ill versed in professional knowledge, and a military critic of some reputation; as a public speaker he had parts and fluency, and he was not unknown as an author and a wit; and the great misfortune that made him notorious should be largely ascribed to the faults of others and to the vices of a bad military system. But he was essentially, we think, a superficial being: as a general he had a good deal too much of what Napoleon called with contempt *esprit* to be a safe commander in any sense of the word; and history cannot fairly absolve him from the charge of losing a British army. Being such, his name might have been allowed to rest; but this is "a rehabilitating" age, and Mr. Fonblanque has accepted a brief from the descendants of the ill-starred warrior to make the most of his life and character, and to apologise for his share in a great disaster. The advocate has made some points for his client, but we cannot say he has in the least changed our opinion of Burgoyne's career and conduct; and, indeed, he has caused us to think less well of his subject in one or two particulars than we were previously disposed to do. Nevertheless, the volume has a merit of its own: it contains some curious anecdotes and details respecting the life of the eighteenth century; it throws light on more than one passage of

the American War which had been obscure; and it certainly proves that the Government at home were more directly and largely to blame for Saratoga than is commonly supposed.

General Burgoyne was born in 1722, a scion of a good country family, though scandal was busy with his name when a child. Little is known concerning his early life; but he was a captain of dragoons at the age of 22; and his marriage with a daughter of the house of Derby connected him with the patrician caste, which then did what it liked in England. Having seen fire for the first time in the unfortunate attempt against St. Malo in 1758—the readers of *The Virginians* will remember the tale—he was made a colonel of a corps of Light Horse then being raised for the Seven Years' War; and in this capacity he gave several proofs of the quick intelligence and diligent zeal which long marked him out as a distinguished officer. We hear of him next as a volunteer at Belleisle, one of a brilliant company of young men of fashion who, fired perhaps by the harangues of Pitt, had sought the pastime of fighting the French; and a few years afterwards he gained laurels which really were of very bright promise. In 1762–3 a small British force, with a mass of levies, was engaged in defending the Portuguese frontier against a combined Spanish and French army, and the position of affairs had become alarming, for the invaders, more than forty thousand strong, had drawn near Oporto and the Lower Tagus. A bold stroke delivered by Burgoyne now perhaps changed the issue of the campaign, and the execution was all his own, though the conception was that of his chief, La Lippe, one of the able soldiers of that warlike age. The enemy having made Valentia D'Alcantara one of his main depôts, Burgoyne was directed to fall on the town, and, having seized and destroyed the magazines, to interrupt an offensive movement which was being projected against Lisbon. He acquitted himself of his task admirably. Crossing a mountain range in a rapid march, he completely surprised the Spanish garrison, and, though abandoned by his Portuguese allies, he continued to occupy and to keep the place—its supplies of course had become his own—with his little handful of British horsemen. Nor was this all: he maintained his position on the frontier with real skill and activity; and undoubtedly it was largely due to his efforts that the assailing columns were unable to unite, and ultimately fell back half-starved and baffled. These exploits justly received high praise; yet, read in the light of after events, they possibly indicate what was to come. Burgoyne evidently made a leap in the dark in this bold dash on an important post; and the precipitancy that, on this occasion, won him a triumph, was upon another to lead to disaster. In 1765–6, Burgoyne made a kind of professional tour to visit the scenes of the late great war; and certainly his experiences show insight, and even now are not without interest. He truly observes that the Prussian army was then, as it has always been, too large for the country, and, for that very reason, was subject to decline; but he shows

that, just as in 1870–1, its strength lay in its well-ordered mechanism, in its discipline, and in the powers of its chiefs. As for the Austrian army, he represents it as a more national and coherent force than it has been, perhaps, in the present century; he especially dwells on the fine qualities of the Irish exiles in the Imperial service, the worthy brethren of the cavalry of Fontenoy; and though he speaks disparagingly of the French army—then under the dark eclipse of Rosbach—he appreciates its ardour and martial spirit. Soon after this, Burgoyne found his way into the House of Commons, through the Stanley interest; and he took his seat for Preston—he held it for years—after a contest which brought him before the King's Bench and exposed him to the scathing satire of Junius. He was tolerably independent in this phase of his career, though George III., who had done much for him, apparently thought his vote certain; and he was by no means satisfied to remain obscure in the obsequious circle of the "King's friends." In fact, though a fine gentleman more than anything else, nature had given him a singularly graceful presence, a pleasing voice, and a great deal of cleverness; and with these advantages he played a part at St. Stephen's not without weight and brilliancy. In 1773 he moved the impeachment of Clive, and successfully attacked the East India Company; and though, compared with the orations of Burke, his speeches on India are flimsy things, they are plausible, ingenious, and even well-informed.

The first part of the reign of Lord North was the most brilliant period of Burgoyne's career. His reputation as a soldier was high; and he possessed the ear of the House of Commons, though his style was rather conceited and turgid. He had acquired, too, some literary fame; he could turn a couplet with grace and ease; and for a "person of quality" he was a promising author. Though a seeker, moreover, of *bonnes fortunes*—his conjugal relations bring out clearly his ardent, fickle, and shallow nature—he was happy in his domestic life; and in the world of Pall Mall and St. James's he was a conspicuous and attractive figure. A "killing frost," however, was to blight this greatness, and to "nip to the root" the warrior's renown. At the outbreak of the American war Burgoyne was sent out with Clinton and Howe, as colleagues of the veteran Gage, at Boston; and the hero of Valentia inspired hope, despite the witty saying of Lord North, "I trust the enemy will tremble at these generals as I do." Burgoyne was a spectator of Bunker's Hill, and of the subsequent blockade of Boston; and his letters, breathing the insolent contempt of the "rebels' " general in the British camp, and yet revealing the wretched condition of our military arrangements for a real contest, are significant of approaching misfortune. During these months he constantly carped at Gage; and he endeavoured to gain over and turn into a spy Lee, one of the best of the American officers. These proceedings, disclosed by Mr. Fonblanque for the first time, do Burgoyne no good; they show that real honour was somewhat cheap among the fashionable stars of the

day; and the intrigue with Lee is a striking proof of the estimate formed of the "rebel" commanders. Burgoyne was soon to play a much larger part; and to verify the maxim, "*en matière de guerre la critique est facile, l'art difficile.*" After the defeat of Arnold in 1776, the Cabinet, in the absurd belief that one vigorous effort would finish the war, proposed to "cut," as was said, "the rebellion in two;" and Burgoyne, if not its real author, concurred, at least in the main, with their project. In June, 1777, he set off from Canada with from 6,000 to 7,000 regulars, and a motley force of militia and Indians, his object being to attain Albany, and joining Howe, who was to advance from New York, to put down resistance in the Northern States, the true centre of the growing revolt. Having descended Champlain and seized the Fort of Ticonderoga by a dexterous stroke, the British commander reached the head of Lake George in the first week of July; and by the 30th he was on the Hudson, having turned the water-line of Lake George, and captured the important post of Fort Edward, operations which, though afterwards blamed, display activity and even skill. But the series of errors now began which made Burgoyne, in a great measure, responsible for the reverse that followed. On reaching Fort Edward the British chief received no tidings whatever from Howe, who at this moment ought to have been near him; and, as the country before him was difficult in the extreme, as he had suffered already from want of means of transport, and as—contrary to what he had been led to expect—the neighbourhood was, to a man, hostile, he ought not to have risked a further advance until he had been assured of the aid of his colleague. Burgoyne, however, thought only of a forward movement; the defeat of a reinforcement sent from Canada, and of a body of troops detached by himself, made no change in his fixed purpose; and he employed the next few weeks in preparing his men for the march to Albany at any hazard. On September 15 he had crossed the Hudson, abandoning his communications, though just apprised that aid from Howe was scarcely to be hoped for; and by the 19th he found himself confronted, in an intricate region of wood and defiles, by Gates with at least 10,000 men. Retreat was probably his best chance; but he fell on his foe with dashing confidence, and, though the combat was not a defeat, its ultimate results were all against him. Burgoyne now began to entrench himself in a position chosen near Saratoga, still clinging to the chance of relief from the South; but in a few days these hopes were dispelled; swarms of armed levies closed upon his rear, and the army of Gates was largely increased, while no friendly aid approached to the rescue. After two or three fierce but fruitless struggles to break through the meshes thrown around him, the unfortunate chief was compelled to surrender; and a British force, still 3,500 strong, laid down its arms to the victorious "rebels," late the objects of its leader's contempt. Saratoga, though not so great an affair, was hardly less decisive than Sedan.

It would be most unjust to represent

Burgoyne as solely to blame for this catastrophe. The plan of the campaign—a prolonged advance by separate divisions to a common point, through a most difficult and hostile country—was essentially bad and likely to fail; and Burgoyne was so aware of this that he had tried to modify it in some respects. He was not, moreover, at all responsible for the absence from the scene of the force from New York, on which the success of the movement depended; this want of concert, it is now certain, was mainly due to the guilty neglect of Lord George Germaine of Minden renown; and history justly ascribes the disaster in a great measure to the Government at home. Burgoyne, nevertheless, cannot escape censure; a more judicious and cool-headed chief, placed in his circumstances, would not have led an army to ruin and lost everything. He had no right to break up from Fort Edward, still less recklessly to cross the Hudson until assured of the support of Howe; and his whole conduct when beset by Gates was marked by presumptuous scorn of his foe. This is so evident that he rested his defence on a supposed necessity of obeying orders and making for Albany at any risk—but this is not an excuse at all; as Napoleon has said, “a general who attempts, in compliance with orders sent from a distance, to undertake a movement that is plainly dangerous, is simply guilty of a public crime.” It is impossible, therefore, to acquit Burgoyne; and we may put aside all that either he himself or Mr. Fonblanque has said on the subject. On his return to England the ill-fated chief received scant justice from the men in power; George III. refused to see him at Court; and Lord George Germaine, with characteristic meanness, rejoiced that his faults had found a scape-goat. The nation, however, scarcely condemned Burgoyne; his unquestionable courage and boldness saved him, and a Parliamentary enquiry, long opposed by the Government, virtually pronounced in his favour. Burgoyne survived until 1792; and during this period he still continued to make a good figure in the House of Commons—he was one of the managers at the trial of Hastings—and to hold a prominent place in London society. As an author, too, he decidedly improved; his keen intelligence and ready wit found a congenial sphere in the light drama, and one comedy at least from his pen, though now forgotten, was for a time successful. Yet he never, perhaps, completely recovered from the consequences of his great misfortune; and, when he passed away at a good old age, he appears to have been little missed or regretted. No monument records his name in the Abbey; why did his descendants disturb his unnoticed repose?

W. O'C. MORRIS.

Bacon's Essays. With Introduction, Notes, and Index. By Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. (London: Longmans & Co., 1876.)

DR. ABBOTT has many of the qualifications required in an editor of Bacon's *Essays*. He is well acquainted with the Elizabethan literature, and has made a very valuable contribution to its study in his *Shakespearian*

Grammar. His Introduction to the present edition of the *Essays*, though opinions may differ as to the soundness of the judgment it displays, at least exhibits a sustained study of Bacon's life and works, such as is indispensable to an adequate treatment of the *Essays*; and his notes are for the most part those of an accomplished scholar who has given much pains to the elucidation of the language and thoughts of his author. As a result he has produced a very creditable and scholarly edition of the *Essays*, which, if it does not rival that of Mr. Aldis Wright, may at least be placed far above all other recent editions of the work. For an English classic of the first rank Bacon's *Essays* has certainly not been fortunate in its editors. It has sometimes been used, as by Whately, as a collection of texts on which to hang a series of sermons, irrelevant and replete with platitudes. By other editors it has been treated as material for examination to be elucidated by notes, useful no doubt for their special purpose, but positively repulsive to the serious student. Dr. Abbott has treated it as a scholar would an ancient classic, inadequately perhaps in some respects, but neither superficially nor pedantically. The work of an acknowledged master of his subject deserves especial respect from a critic who hopes some day to be a rival, but I cannot refrain from pointing out what appear to me to be defects and shortcomings in Dr. Abbott's edition.

“It is hoped,” says Dr. Abbott, “that this edition may be of some use in the highest classes of schools; but the object has been, not the compilation of a book adapted for the use of persons desiring to pass examinations, but of a work that may enable the readers of all ages and classes to read Bacon's *Essays* easily and intelligently.”

Now, a book like Bacon's *Essays*, the product of an age when literature and learning went hand in hand, cannot be fully understood and appreciated by a reader unacquainted with the classical languages; it would seem, therefore, that a translation of all the Latin quotations with which the *Essays* abound is a waste both of time and trouble: the unclassical reader must perforce take them for granted, and will probably not care to turn to notes in which they are translated; while the classical reader will probably prefer the original text, and will certainly be irritated by the freedom, not to say looseness, of Dr. Abbott's renderings. Dr. Abbott would, therefore, probably have done better to credit such readers as he avowedly writes for with at least a knowledge of Latin, for without it much of the serious literature of Bacon's age must always be to a very considerable extent unintelligible. The question of the text to be adopted is perhaps a more doubtful point. Punctuation no doubt may be surrendered; it is a matter of accident, not of design or intelligence; but the text itself and the spelling is a different matter. If any one will be at the pains to compare the text of 1625 with any of the modern reproductions of it, he will see that the contrast appeals not only to the eye but to the judgment and literary sense. A sixteenth-century book has a *cachet* of its own, justly dear to the historical student of literature, which disappears entirely if it is

presented in a nineteenth-century dress. The case of the Bible or of Shakspeare which Dr. Abbott pleads in his favour is scarcely parallel: their texts are modernised, not for the serious student, but for the general reader. It is certainly to be regretted that scholarly editors should give countenance to the lazy practice of giving ancient texts in a modern form. It may be noted that this modernising of the text has led Dr. Abbott into a serious blunder in the first Essay. Following many modern editors, he gives the reading, “One of the later schools of the Grecians examineth the matter,” whereas what Bacon certainly wrote was “One of the later schoole,” as is shown by the Latin version of the Essay reviewed by Bacon himself, “E recentiore Graecorum schola quidam.”

It is to be regretted that Dr. Abbott has omitted to give any account of the various editions of the *Essays* published during Bacon's lifetime which throw light on the text. These are: the three editions of the *Essays* themselves published during Bacon's life in 1596, 1612, and 1625 respectively; the Latin translation, over which Bacon certainly exercised some control; and the French and Italian translations, the work respectively of Sir Arthur Gorges and of Andrea Cioli. These must all in some form or another have passed under Bacon's eye; and, as he was an accomplished French and Italian scholar, it is legitimate to look for collateral illustration in the translations in those languages. An account of the contemporary editions, therefore, is an indispensable part of the *apparatus criticus* of a scholarly edition. As to the notes themselves explanatory of the text, each editor is entitled to determine for himself what is required. Dr. Abbott's notes, with rare exceptions, are eminently sound and satisfactory as far as they go, but they might have been fuller with advantage. On philological and etymological questions, especially, his well-known acquaintance with Shaksperian and other Elizabethan literature might have been expected to throw more light than we find. The illustrations furnished from Bacon's other writings are very apposite and well selected, but I doubt if in a book intended for schoolboys or students it is quite wise to give all references, not to Bacon's various writings by name, but to the volume and page of the latest and most costly edition. Many a youthful student of the *Essays* may possess the “Advancement of Learning” or the “Life of Henry VII.,” who may never have seen Mr. Spedding's very valuable edition of *Bacon's Life, Letters, and Works*.

The distinguishing feature of Dr. Abbott's edition is the Introduction, of the merits of which, as they are still under the discussion of great authorities, I do not pretend to speak. It must, however, be set down entirely to Dr. Abbott's credit, that he has been one of the first to acknowledge that a chief qualification for an editor of Bacon's *Essays* is a study of Bacon's life and character. Whether that study has in his particular case issued in a true estimate and a sound judgment I shall not attempt to determine, but there can be no doubt it has given him a grasp in

dealing with his subject which contrasts favourably with that of most recent editors of the *Essays*. The time has not yet come perhaps for a complete scholar's edition of the *Essays*. The scientific study of the *origines* of the English tongue, and of the history of its early literature, is still perhaps in its infancy. Bacon's life has yet to be written, for Mr. Spedding's invaluable *Life and Letters* is, for the most part, a collection of materials for future biographers. Much may be done by the study of the writers, chiefly Italian, who had most influence on the literature of Bacon's time, and especially on Bacon himself. All these are sources of material which have not been, and cannot yet be, exhausted. Dr. Abbott's edition does not pretend to exhaust them, though it is specially characterised by a scholar's knowledge of English literature and grammar, by an independent study of Bacon's life, and by a very praiseworthy effort to bring the light of Macchiavelli to bear on Bacon. As a natural result it will be of great value to ordinary students, and I am also glad to think that it will render no inconsiderable service to future labourers in the same field. JAMES R. THURSFIELD.

THE MARQUIS DE COMPIÈGNE'S SECOND VOLUME.

L'Afrique Equatoriale: Okanda—Bangouens—Osyéba. Par le Marquis de Compiègne. (Paris: Plon et Cie., 1875.)

M. DE COMPIÈGNE, in his *avant-propos*, expresses his gratitude to the French public for exhausting in a single month the first volume of his travels: the *grande nation* certainly does love to honour its traveller when it finds one. The present book, "Okanda, Bangouens (Mbángwe), Osyéba" (Otcheba or Ocheba), may fairly look forward to yet higher honours. It covers fifty to sixty miles of unknown river; it has some action ending in the usual catastrophe; and we find in the Appendix not only certain "summary" (very summary) "studies" of language, but also a catalogue of the birds collected by *ces messieurs*. The death of Roi-Soleil (chap. 2), poisoned with palm-wine, is an interesting sketch. After the shuddering horror of cannibalism expressed by the *Spectator* (November 27, 1875), it is interesting to read (p. 160): "ces enragés mangeurs d'hommes ont pour eux la bravoure, la force physique, l'intelligence, l'adresse, l'industrie, en un mot, une immense supériorité sur les peuplades abâtardies qui les entourent." The author evidently does not try to kick down the ladder—cannibalism, slavery, and polygamy—by one of whose rungs the *Homo Dariciniensis* became *Homo sapiens*. He has grasped the fact—without, however, referring it to the discoverer, the late Mr. Winwood Reade—that the heart of Africa still contains two tribes concerning whom legends were current in the remotest antiquity.

First are the Pigmies, which appear as Wavilikimo, or two-cubit men, in the traditions of Zanzibar and Madagascar. They were discovered in the Obongos of M. du Chaillu's second expedition; they were heard

of on the Ogowe River by Mr. R. B. N. Walker (1866 and 1873); and they were rediscovered in the Mabongos, Akkas, or Tiki-Tiki, by the late M. Miani. The latter, by the by, was evidently unknown to the author, who styles him "le martyr trop peu connu de son amour pour la science," an honour to which the old ex-slavedealer could hardly have aspired. We well remember his objection to deriving the Caput Nili from the southern hemisphere, *because it would have to flow uphill*—the Equator being, in his idea, a protuberance. These Pigmies are nothing (says the author of the *African Sketch-book*) but a survival of the so-called Bushman-Hottentot race, the substratum of the actual negro and negroid occupants of the soil.

The second identification is even more interesting. For many years we have heard of the Nyam-Nyam men-eaters, or "men with tails" (of bullocks), occupying the central regions north of the Equator; and now we know that the vast area between the Moslemised tribes (N. lat. 6°) and the South African family proper (S. lat. 3°) is peopled by a homogeneous race of cannibals. The first item appeared in the Fans of Paul du Chaillu, who made them, however, a tall, black, ferocious-looking tribe. Next came the Ocheba of Mr. R. B. N. Walker, the Osyéba of our author, occupying the upper part of the Ogowe River; and followed, in rapid succession, the Manyema ("forest people") of Dr. Livingstone, and the Nyam-Nyams (Eat-Eats), and the Monbutts of Dr. Schweinfurth. These men are negroids, not negros: the hair reaches the shoulders, the nose is high, the lips are comparatively thin, and the mustachio, or rather the beard on each side of the chin, attains considerable length. The chief evidences of African blood are those constants, the *bombé* brow and the patulous nostril. The dress, the weapons, and even the ornaments of these anthropophagi, who must number several millions, are everywhere the same. It was a riddle to us how the Fans had invented a cross-bow precisely similar to that of mediæval Europe; and how the swords of the Upper Congo appeared to be copied from the knightly pages of Meyrick: now we explain it by direct derivation, through Central Africa, from Egypt and other regions in contact with the Frank.

M. de Compiègne has thus ably availed himself of scattered information. We thank him, also, for his account of the "Ivili" (p. 4), and for his hints touching the "Ofoué" (Ofowe) River, probably the future highway into Western Equatorial Africa. But accuracy of detail is not his forte; and our geographical instinct compels us to point out, at some length, the errors and inadvertences which are most likely to injure the cause of geography and travel.

In the *avant-propos* (p. iii.) we are assured that a hundred leagues, hitherto a blank upon the map, have been added to our knowledge. We ask where are they? In 1867 the Ogowe was surveyed by M. Aymès, as far as "Zoro Cotcho" (Ozega-Kátyá), and Mr. Walker's line to Lope (January, 1873) was published by Herr Petermann. The

two naturalists can claim no more than to have covered some 180 miles beyond the confluence of the Okanda and Ngunye Rivers, or fifty to sixty higher than Lope. The author has misunderstood the origin of the Ivili or Bávili (p. 4). This tribe never professed to have emigrated from the Congo, still less to have marched by land. About the end of the last century they were driven from their homes in Loango by inter-tribal feuds; and, after many coasting trips in search of a settlement, they ascended the Ogowe. One section remained at Asyuka; the other pushed up the Ngunye, and occupied the banks of that river at and below the Falls of Samba. Such, we believe, was the account given in 1866 to the explorers of the Ogowe by the chief of Asyuka, Amankapi, the sole survivor of the original band of fugitives, and the only one who could converse in his mother tongue with natives of the Congo. He was a child at the time of the exodus, and nine years ago he appeared to be about seventy-five years old; thus the date of the migration may be fixed with comparative accuracy. Again, the Bávili are *not* moving northwards, nor are they by any means numerous. Finally, they are the reverse of *accueillants* and *hospitaliers* (p. 7); although they are as *industrieux* as most negros south of the Equator. N.B.—Their "poison-dance" is by no means original.

The other most important ethnological errors are as follows. The Iveia (Báveia) and their capital, Buali, were first visited by Europeans in April 1866, and were duly described in the *Journal* of the Royal Geographical Society. They must have changed notably since that time (p. 30), when all fled at the sight of strangers, crying "the White Devil has come!" and when only the boldest could be persuaded to quit their homes. The "Adjoumbas" (Ajumba) do not call themselves descendants of the Mpongwe (p. 9); indeed, the latter own them to be the original stock. The "Apingis" (Apinji) are *not* at war with the "Osyéba" (Ocheba) as are their neighbours the Bakele, the Okanda, and some of the Okota (p. 91). The "Madouma" (Aduma?) are quite distinct from the Apinji (p. 93), and the "intelligent captive" consulted by our author evidently "hoaxed" him. The tribal names given in the same page are sufficiently well known, although, as usual, peculiarly mis-spelt. The Ocheba are not confined to the upper Ogowe: a section of the tribe, settled near the coast behind Batanga, was first visited by Europeans in 1852; in 1866 they were met at Ndungu—the islet of Edibe, king of the Okota—when a short vocabulary was compiled; and finally, in January, 1873, they were found in the Apinji villages. Among the ethnological errata we must include the woodcuts, which, we are told, are "taken from the photographs and the *croquis* of the author." Now, that facing p. 39 represents *not* "nos grandes pirogues de l'Ogooné," but those of Cape Lopez (Orungu), which are totally different. Opposite p. 61 we have the hut of one of Ranoki's nephews, not the blind old villain's; and facing p. 324 is a cut taken from a photograph of Messrs. Hatton and Cookson's factory at

Batanga: it represents Mr. Wales surrounded by Banákás, and it has nothing to do with the Ogowe, or with Adánlinanlángá.

Nor is the geographical part more correct than the ethnological. The course of the river beyond Sam-Quita (Osaon-ikiti) is very unsatisfactorily laid down by the *deux touristes*, whose knowledge of the compass appears vague and unsatisfactory; latitudes and longitudes are absent, and it differs only thirty leagues from that of Herr Lenz. The names of villages, the rapids, and so forth are grotesquely changed, as is customary with French travellers, who seem to have no ear for any tongue but their own. The Okeko or Mokeko range, a most important feature, is reduced to a single mountain. Sam-Quita and Lope are transported from the left to the right bank. The "Ivindo" should be "Ivindi," that is, the Black River, the "Iena" of the Brazil; it was mentioned in 1866 by the Inlenga and others to the first European visitor. Talaguga, or Talamaguga, is in the mid-stream, *not* on the right side. The Okono is above, *not* below Ndungu, Edibe's islet. The Obanga or Ovanga falls into the Ogowe from the north, *not* from the south. Again, the words are differently spelt in text and map, *e.g.*, Okôta and Okota; Bagouens and Bagouins. The natives in general *do* couple, as M. du Chaillu told us, the name Samba n' Agosye, although the latter is represented to be a narrow rapid, some miles higher up the Ngunye; of course both Samba and Agosye are the work of the Imbwiri (genii), who reside in, and who watch over what they have made. The description of the "Oguémouen" (Ogemwe) Lake in page 54 is incorrect; after pushing up about five miles beyond Fetish Island, the steam-launch found, instead of a practicable passage, a streamlet fit only for the smallest canoes. The author omits to mention the Sangaladi Islands, the true outpost of the Okota Country; he alludes (p. 85) to the curious cavern, but he does not record its name, "Iboke-boke;" and he forgets "Ndungu," the home of King Edibe, a large and stout chief reduced to *un tout petit homme*. We can hardly accept the description of the "Gate of Okanda" below Lope; if the Ogowe narrowed to twenty mètres (p. 107) no canoe could overcome the force of the current. Nor can we trust to the conjecture that the great stream rises in a lake (p. 93); all the tribes unite in ignoring its origin; and some Europeans have suggested, indeed, that it is the Ugoweh mentioned in Mr. Stanley's letter.

In personal matters the second is, perhaps, an improvement upon the first volume. Mr. Sinclair the *épicer*, a word used derisively as "un épicer de la rue Saint Denis" (p. 143), becomes "l'excellent Sinclair." But Mr. Hill (not Hills) is misrepresented as an "original de premier numéro . . . buvant de l'alougou (alugu) de traite." A sober young fellow who never touched a drop of trade rum, and who could hardly be induced to drink ale or wine; he died at Liverpool only a few months ago. French residents and travellers on the West Coast of Africa should not throw stones into their neighbours' gardens. Instead of confining themselves to brandy and water they poison their stomachs with sour *vin ordinaire*; with

deleterious absinthe, with *bière Bobée*, with *eau de vie de Cambuse*, and with other liquors fit only for the *dura ilia* of the natives. Others, again, who do not drink display a voracity equally terrible to themselves and to their entertainers. Hence, probably, the climate of Equatorial Africa is declared to be so deadly (p. 285); at Gaboon there are Europeans and Americans who, by taking moderate care of themselves, have retained their health for twenty and even thirty years.

We now approach what may be called the historical part of M. de Compiègne's work, and here, as we might expect, errors abound. Messrs. Hatton and Cookson's ss. *Delta* was sent on the 14th (*not* the 10th) of December, 1873, with orders to return on the tenth, *not* on the fifth day, which would have been impossible. Roi-Soleil left on the 13th, *not* on the 5th. The death of that "king" is, we have said, interesting, but the tale is dressed up to suit European tastes. Mr. Walker took Nkombe in hand at the special request of his tribe (p. 57). Olimbo was the second son, *not* the "fils aîné;" the latter was Revege, so named after his grandfather. It was mainly through the Englishmen's support of the slaves that the women were *not* flogged (p. 65). Instead of the widows being divided among the heirs, they were allowed to remain single, as the black testator had wished. Indeed, Nkombe bequeathed all his wives, especially "M'Bourou" (Mburu) the favourite, his children and his slaves, to Mr. Walker, and the latter, on January 19, 1874, was formally installed as successor of "Roi-Soleil;" M. Guisolfé, commanding the *Marabout*, being in the village at the time. This step naturally excited the small jealousy of M. Pannon du Hazier, the commandant of Gaboon. It led to a petty persecution of the enterprising Briton, in whose hands the keys of Nkombe's house, by consent of rival factions, were placed. At the wake the least possible amount of rum was distributed, to prevent over-excitement of the lieges; and sale at any price without express sanction was prohibited. Who ever heard of a merchant being compelled to pay for the death of a negro that killed himself with rum-drinking (p. 71)? Not a single article of value was brought up from the factory to the house on the hill, and the whole account of the fortifications (p. 68) is said to be exaggerated. Finally, the vision of Mrs. Mburu, the white phantom of Nkombe, walking from the hut towards the river (p. 64) is essentially European, *not* African.

In p. 72 let us note that M. Amaral (*not* Amoral) was made prisoner on shore, *not* taken from the *Delta*. The note in page 80 contains almost as many errors as lines. The *Marabout* grounded below Irere-voloyinkâmi (the "Lower Tree"), and never reached two miles from Osaon-ikiti. M. Guisolfé, unwilling to leave his ship at such a time, availed himself of the Englishman's offer of a passage in the *Delta* for Mr. (Aspirant) Duboc, who had been detailed to map the stream. Then, instead of distancing *Le Pionnier* by eighteen miles, *Le Marabout* went only some five or six beyond "Zoro Cotoho" (Ozega Kátyà). Finally, the "traitants gabonais" often go to Edibe's

Ndungu, upwards of forty miles beyond "Sam-Quita." M. Schulze (*not* Shültz, p. 107) never reached the Lope village from which Mr. Walker (January, 1873) turned back, after a short walking excursion up stream. Here the latter heard of the Falls of Obowe (*not* Bôoué, p. 176). Finally, everyone knows that the *Liberia* belonged to the B. and A. N., *not* to the A. S. S. Company: it was the first and only steamer lost by them, except the little tender which came to grief at Brass, while assisting the rival line's *Monrovia*.

The "attack and rout" (Chap. vi.), which form the catastrophe of the drama, must not be laid to the travellers' charge; the effect, however, of the two deaths among the Ocheba will close the upper river for many a year. No line now remains to explorers but the Ofowe or southern fork, and this should have been tried instead of forcing a passage by the main stream to the Ivindi. As the Ocheba occupy only the northern bank, *not* both sides, of the Ogowe, the southern is evidently to be preferred. We repeat that when African tribes show surliness of temper the traveller must take up his bed and depart, like Dr. Livingstone, *not* (*pace* Sir Samuel Baker) remain and shoot, like Mr. Stanley. The Anterior Expedition may pay heavily for the sins of its predecessors should it unhappily light upon the eastern end of the Victoria Nyanza. We note with pleasure that M. Savorgnan de Brazza is pursuing the work of discovery; the Italians have proved themselves the best travellers of the Latin race since the days of Marco Polo and Ludovico di Varthema.

The account of Prince's Island (Chap. ix.) is hardly fair to the Portuguese generally, and especially in the matter of slavery. This institution is still legal in their colonies; the whites neither need to make, nor do they make, the least mystery of the matter; and Englishmen have been present at slave-auctions in S. Antonio. But the late commandant of the Gaboon did not regard slavery as "une monstruosité" (p. 257), on the contrary he recognised it officially, as at least one document, with his signature attached, can serve to prove. It would be simply impossible for fugitives to reach the Gaboon from Prince's Island; they might succeed from St. Thomas, but, as a rule, they fly to the south end of Fernando Po, where there is now a large "Maroon" colony. Many of them make the mainland at Benito, Bata, Campo, and Batanga; here they become the slaves of the natives, who sell them to the Mpongwe traders employed in the several factories. Who ever heard in these days of the "établissements portugais du Congo?" (p. 257). The Portuguese slave-dealer of Prince's Island could not have been to the Gaboon with the idea of buying thirty "chattels," though he might have tried at Senga-Tanga or Cape Lopez. Again, the Congo has never during the last century sent out a pound of cotton (p. 271). The "American Silva" (p. 275) was probably the Portuguese factor of the American Sparhawk and Co.; if so, he made his money at Loanda, *not* in the Congo.

French travellers of the politico-Jesuitical type, as a rule, disdain commerce; we may

therefore compliment M. de Compiègne upon his chapter (viii.) "L'Industrie," &c., and we should be more grateful had the particulars been less inexact. Almost every Mpongwe word is an error (p. 241), while the fatal habit of marking the final e with an acute accent (é) produces a Franco-Gaboon dialect as singular as is the Gaboon French. The description of the "ivory-bundle," given here and elsewhere (p. 13), will astonish the European trader, who never knew that he was in the habit of giving anything like such an assortment in such proportions. The trade of the Okota or Bokota is in "rubber," as well as in slaves. The Batanga or Banaká people traffic directly with the Ocheba, whom they call Dibeia. The details about cowries are wholly erroneous. To say nothing of Lagos, Benin, and the Niger, considerable quantities are sold in the Gaboon, at Batanga, and in the Ogowe: there was a store at Adánlinan-langá when the author was there. The account of the 6,000 lbs. of ivory (p. 235), the fifty or sixty people who sell it in the Gaboon, and the mode of trading are equally fanciful. The white merchant deals with two or three negroes at most, and the bargaining is nearly confined to their chief. A single Gaboon trader has bought and paid for 5 cwt. of ivory before breakfast, and, moreover, has entered it in his book. Instead of two kegs of powder to every gun (p. 237), the reverse is nearly always the case. Cloth (onlamba, plur. inlamba) paid on the "ivory bundle" is not measured by the fathom (p. 238) but sold by the piece. The price of knives (swaka, plur. iswaka) is misstated (p. 240): it varies from 25 centimes to 1 franc; and "matchets" fetch the half of 2 francs. Rum costs from 1 franc 33 centimes to 2 francs per gallon—not 1 franc per litre (p. 239); and it is considered one of the least profitable of trade articles. Everyone knows that gin and liqueurs do not come from Hamburg (p. 239), but from Rotterdam and other parts of Holland. The small liqueur-bottle is called "mbute yi Nkompiini," because it was introduced into the trade by German merchants; and the latter are now termed "Kompiini," or "Nkompiini," because they speak a language resembling that of the old Dutch-African Company.

The linguistic part of the Appendix is mostly borrowed from the Grammar of P. Le Berre.* In his preface this divine "makes it his religious duty to place his modest labours under the auspices of the Holy Ghost, and under the protection of the Immaculate Heart of Mary." He forgets, however, another duty, which is that of owing to have borrowed all his knowledge from the meritorious labours of the Protestant missionaries, the companions and the followers of Mr. J. Leighton Wilson (U.S.). Let us hope that this blot will be removed from the Vocabulary promised to us by the reverend gentleman.

To conclude this long notice, M. de Compiègne informs the world that he is "about to undertake new and long journeys into Central Africa;" and we are rejoiced to

hear that an opportunity of so doing has presented itself. There is an excellent library at Cairo, and it is to be hoped that our author will see the propriety of consulting it. Moreover, when a writer is inexact in small details, which suggest incorrectness in greater matters, it is always easy to consult a literary adviser, and thus to avoid such compromising points as "Town's end" (Townsend) and "Sir Baker."

RICHARD F. BURTON.

EPOCHS OF HISTORY.

The Age of Elizabeth. By Mandell Creighton, M.A. (London: Longmans & Co., 1876.)

It would be in vain to expect in a volume of so small a compass as this a complete and critical account of the important and interesting period which Mr. Creighton has selected as his portion of the series of "Epochs of History;" yet, notwithstanding the severe compression required, he has succeeded in presenting a far from unreadable book, which will be of great assistance to the student. Although prominence is given to the history of England the contemporaneous history of Europe has not been neglected, and Mr. Creighton has shown, wherever it was possible, the connexion of events passing in different countries. He takes an impartial view of the causes which led to the rise and progress of the Reformation in Europe, giving due weight to the political and social as well as to the religious element, showing how by the course of events that great inevitable change was led to adopt the character which it eventually assumed. On the vexed questions connected with Mary Queen of Scots he does not venture on a decided judgment. Of the Admiral Coligny he takes a much more favourable view than facts seem to warrant; for, in estimating the Admiral's character, his personal rivalry with the Duke of Guise should not be lost sight of. They started in life as rival companions in arms, and though the military abilities of the Admiral were in no wise inferior to those of his competitor, fortune rarely favoured his banners, while Guise was uniformly successful. At St. Quentin Coligny, after performing services of the utmost importance to the very existence of France, was in the end overcome and taken prisoner, while his more fortunate rival a few months later gained lasting renown among his countrymen by the comparatively easy conquest of Calais. It was while rankling under his defeat, and as a prisoner, that Coligny's eyes were first opened to the superiority of the Protestant creed over that in which he had been brought up, of which the House of Guise were the staunch supporters. His reputation and experience as a commander soon pointed him out as the proper military chief of the discontented party in France; but he did not entirely throw off the mask until he had abused his privilege of Privy Councillor to betray his master's secrets to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the envoy of Elizabeth in France, and had besides arranged for the introduction of foreign forces into his native country to assist him in his designs against

his sovereign. It may be admitted that this is not worse than what was done by many other statesmen of that period; still it is scarcely consistent with the rôle of Christian hero with which it has been the fashion to invest Coligny. His unfortunate connexion with Poltrot de Mery, the assassin of François de Guise, has never been satisfactorily cleared up, but it is evident that a large portion of his countrymen, including the whole of the family of the murdered man, regarded him as an accomplice and instigator of that crime, and it was to this feeling that he owed his own miserable end on the Eve of St. Bartholomew. Of the sincerity of his religious convictions and his conversion no man can judge, but it is not so difficult to form an opinion of his public conduct. The ideal Coligny, with his piety and his long flowing white beard, is a character worthy of all commendation; but the real Coligny, the betrayer of his sovereign's counsel, the traitor to his country, and the accomplice of assassins, is a very different personage. The cruelties and financial mismanagement which led to the revolt of the Netherlands, and the terrible struggle that ensued, are clearly given; but it should not be forgotten that the ferocity displayed therein was owing greatly to the fact that a considerable portion of the fighting element on the side of the insurgents consisted of foreigners serving without commission from their respective princes, men trained in the cruel Irish and Scottish wars, disbanded ruffians of every nationality, and deserters from the opposite camp. To these the very idea of surrender must have been most repugnant, their lives being forfeited by the harsh military code of the time, whose penalties were generally exacted. Between these desperadoes and the regular forces engaged in their suppression the lot of the unhappy burghers was hard indeed; the least whisper of surrender would bring down on them the vengeance of their protectors, while in the case of capture they and their families were subjected to all the horrors of a town taken by storm. As a sample of these adventurers, Sir Humfrey Gilbert, who led over a body of Englishmen to Flushing in 1572 under the pretence of helping the inhabitants to the attainment of religious and political liberty, boasted of having hanged so many of the Spaniards that they would now be willing to make good war. Sir Humfrey had at first great difficulty in getting admission into the town, as the inhabitants were somewhat suspicious as to what were his real intentions. These apprehensions were well founded, as very soon afterwards he wrote a secret despatch to Lord Burghley offering to excite a mutiny between the French Protestant auxiliaries and the townspeople, whom he would help to "cut the throats" of the former, along with that of the governor of the town, and then seize the place for England.

The characters of Elizabeth, her favourites and councillors, are well drawn, but Mr. Creighton is in error in stating that Sir Christopher Hatton died unmarried. He married Alice, the eldest daughter of Thomas Fanshawe, the Queen's Remembrancer of the Exchequer.

The book is provided with judiciously-

* *Grammaire de la Langue Pongouée.* Par le P. Le Berre, &c. (Paris: Simon Raçon et Cie., 1875. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 223.)

selected genealogical tables and maps illustrative of the text; and in the preface Mr. Creighton has given a list of the authors whom he has consulted in the preparation of his work, which of itself would be a sufficient guarantee of the earnestness with which he has performed his task. After all that has been written about the reign of Elizabeth, Mr. Creighton may be congratulated on having provided an epitome which is valuable not only to the student, but to all who are in any way interested in the history of that period. ALLAN J. CROSBY.

Jules Verne's Stories. 1. *Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians.* 2. *Five Weeks in a Balloon.* 3. *A Floating City.* 4. *The Blockade Runners.* 5. *From the Earth to the Moon.* 6. *Around the Moon.* 7. *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea.* 8. *A Voyage round the World.* (London: Sampson Low & Co., 1876.)

A NEW vein in story-telling, discovered, I believe, by Edgar Allan Poe, has been worked with almost devilish ingenuity by the clever Frenchman whose name stands at the head of this article. His heroes are in advance of contemporary science like Von Rempelen; they are bound for the Pole like Arthur Gordon Pym; they go to the moon like Hans Pfaal, and descend the Maelstrom like the Norway fisher. But on the bare idea of such strange chances Jules Verne has engrafted a wealth of most persuasive detail. He has fenced them in with instances and calculations, not much more trustworthy, perhaps, than the calculation in *Moheanna*, but mighty reassuring to unscientific readers. Moreover, he has a sort of prosaic pedestrian quality of imagination, eminently fitted to win the belief of nineteenth-century readers. These tales of his are not true, but they do not seem to fall altogether under the heading of impossible. He could easily have made stranger stories, if he had liked; but it is not strangeness that he follows after with his discreet and daring pen. He likes just to outstrip the possible, and no more: to go one step beyond his generation, one step outside the habitable world; and to do all this drily and solidly, as though he had originally prepared his facts for a learned Society, and only by an afterthought turned them to account in a fantastic tale. Joanne-Hoffmann Pierre Véron called him in the *Panthéon de Poche*; to parody the phrase in English—Murray's Guide Books edited by Edgar Allan Poe. It is this mixture, this opposition of ends, that gives a peculiar and most original flavour to his work. This teller of extravagant stories is quite a practical man, it appears, with a taste for mechanics that puts the most of us to shame. It is little wonder if we extend some confidence, in this scientific age, to a man who goes about to get the wind of us by such purely scientific means. If we don't exactly believe in the Gun Club's projectile, we cannot see why something of the same sort, or to the same end, should not become practicable in the course of years; and if Sir Humphry Davy spoke tenderly of the Philosopher's Stone, an outsider with a

taste for the marvellous may be allowed to indulge a secret foible for the submarine boat.

I suspect the science throughout is very flimsy; not that this compromises in any degree the superexcellence of the tales. And I can't help fancying that, once he has got his story fairly planned and put together, Jules Verne careers over the paper with the most flagrant and detestable vivacity. Of human nature it is certain he knows nothing; and it is almost with a sense of relief that one finds, in these sophisticated days, a good trotting-horse of an author who whistles by the way and affects to know nothing of the mysteries of the human heart. Once, indeed, he has gone out of his way, and with perfect ill-success: his Captain Nemo, of the undying hatred and the Scotch impromptus, is a memorable warning. But his ordinary stock-in-trade consists of several somewhat time-worn dolls: scientific people with bald heads, and humorous seamen of indescribable fidelity. His marionnettes are all athletic and all virtuous. I do not remember any bad character in his gallery, or one who was afraid. "If I sought to despair, I could not," says Professor Arronax, referring to a very ticklish moment of his life. And his confidence was not misplaced. Jules Verne has the point of honour of a good ship-captain, and holds himself personally responsible for the lives of all the crew. A few anonymous persons may perish by the way, lest we should think too lightly of the perils; but so soon as a man has been referred to by name, he bears a charmed existence, and will turn up at the last page in good health and animal spirits. Once or twice, as in "Captain Hatteras" or the "Survivors of the Chancellor," Jules Verne sins against this principle, brings his stories to a bad end or tortures us too much upon the way; and then, I confess, he seems to me shallow and impertinent.

His characters being dolls, it is truly instructive to see how well he juggles with them. He has the knack of making stories to a nicety. He is as full of resources as one of his own heroes; and his books are as accurately calculated as the lines of the *Nautilus* or the partition-breaks of the projectile. Look, for instance, at the skill with which he keeps us interested during the eighty days of Phileas Fogg's journey round the world. He has Fix, the detective, on his trail from first to last, a continual excitement to the reader! And Fix serves yet another purpose; for the warrant which he expects at port after port keeps us always with one eye on London, and so helps us to realise the distance travelled. Another device for the same end, and even more ingenious, is the gas jet left burning by Passe-par-tout in the hurry of the departure. All round the world we are kept in irritating remembrance of this little flicker of light in Savile Row. We are continually sent back again in fancy to the starting-point; and on each occasion we spin the globe round between our fingers and take stock of the hero's progress. Similarly admirable is the treatment of the projectile during its perilous voyage. Everything is done to make us realise its new position as an independent world. It has a

climate of its own. The dead dog, thrown out of the scuttle, accompanies it on its journey as an obedient satellite. The cold of space through which it passes, the wandering meteorites it encounters, the earth seen as a crescent on the wane—all these tell their story with convincing eloquence. If anything will help young imaginations to grapple with the difficult ideas of astronomy and conceive the world as one star among many, it seems to me it should be such a tale as this. For it is quite in a child's way. The projectile plays at being a world, just as the boy plays at being a soldier.

Everyone knows, of course, that the *Voyages Extraordinaires* are illustrated, and everyone has admired the designs of De Neuville and Riou. In themselves these pictures are a source of much delight; but I cannot help asking myself whether they do not harm the stories. I am sure a person who has already scamped over the illustrations to *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea* loses a great deal of pleasure when he comes to read the dexterous commencement. And if we had the three volumes of the *Mysterious Island* put all at once into our hands, how much of the mystery would remain? There might still be a few savoury claws to crack, but the body of the story would be ready broken to our hands. It is true there is another form of interest; and perhaps we find as much amusement, after we ourselves have the clue of the labyrinth, in watching the bewilderment of the characters, their rude expedients and blindfold guesses at the truth. And it is true, also, that mystery is rarely more than subordinate in the best of Jules Verne's tales. Such a book as the *Fur Country* will stand almost any test you like to put to it. For my own part, I first had the whole plot retailed to me by an enthusiastic admirer; some time after I fell upon the second volume and read it with such pleasure that I lost no time in procuring and reading the first. It would be difficult to pay a higher compliment to a book without any pretension to style, human nature or philosophy, which offers no interest but the legitimate interest of the fable, and hinges for a great while on an elaborate mystery.

What a pity it is we were not all boys when these jolly—for I must use a school-boy's word—jolly books appeared! I think I can fancy how the possessor of one of them will be worried and importuned by eager companions; and what a deal of new matter will be at the disposal of the dormitory storyteller.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Now that the *Challenger* has come home no time will be lost in making known to the world the results of her wonderful journey. Dr. Wyville Thomson has been sending home materials from time to time to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., who will publish in the autumn two volumes containing the results of the work in the Atlantic. This work will be illustrated by drawings taken on the spot by Mr. Wild, the artist of the expedition, of the many curious and beautiful creatures now for the first time brought to light.

DR. ROBERT BROWN is now engaged upon a work of exploration and discovery illustrative of the appearance, productions, industries, society

and wonders of the various countries of the world, illustrated with maps and wood-engravings. The work will be published in serial form by Messrs. Cassell, Pether, and Galpin.

MR. JOHN LATOUCHE, author of *Travels in Portugal*, will contribute to the forthcoming July number of the *New Quarterly* the first of a series of papers to be entitled "The Tourist in Portugal."

We understand that Mr. S. R. Gardiner's paper on "The Political Element in Massinger," to be read before the New Shakspeare Society on June 9, will deal with the following plays of Massinger's: the *Bondman*, the *Grand Duke of Florence*, *Believe as you list*, and the *Maid of Honour*.

THE General Literature Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge have in course of preparation a series of volumes illustrative of life in the great heathen centres visited by St. Paul. Dean Merivale is engaged on St. Paul at Rome; Prof. Plumptre has in hand Antioch, Ephesus, and Tarsus; and the Rev. G. S. Davies, of the Charterhouse, Godalming, is preparing a volume on Athens and Corinth in the time of the Apostle.

THE same Committee are following up their series "Manuals of Health," the first of which was written by the late Dr. Parkes, by a volume on *Health and Occupation*, from the pen of Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S.; another, *On Food*, by Prof. Bernays; and another, on *Water, Air, and Disinfectants*, by Mr. W. Noel Hartley, of King's College. They have likewise in the press a work by the Rev. H. Rowley, formerly of the Universities' Mission in Africa, entitled *Africa Unveiled*; also a work *On the Land and People of China*, by Mr. J. Thomson, F.R.G.S., for a long time resident in the Celestial Empire.

THE curious collection of MSS. and tracts relating to Early English Manners and Customs, edited by Mr. Furnivall for the Early English Text Society in 1868, and called *The Babes Book*, &c., having run out of print, the Committee have reprinted the larger portion of it, all except Rhodes's black letter "Boke of Nurture," 1577, the French and Latin poems, and the woodcuts, and have substituted this portion, called "Early English Meals and Manners," for the original book.

AMONG the articles to appear in Vol. V. of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* may be mentioned:—"Canticles and Chronicles," by Prof. W. R. Smith; "Canon," by Dr. Samuel Davidson; "Cape Town and Cape Colony," by Keith Johnston; "Capillary Action," by Prof. Clerk Maxwell; "Cardinal," by C. Adolphus Trollope; "Carthage," by Oscar Browning; "Caspian Sea," by Dr. W. B. Carpenter; "Cato and Cicero," by Dean Merivale; "Caucasus," by E. H. Bunbury; "Caves," by W. Boyd Dawkins; "Celt," by W. K. Sullivan; "Census," by Dr. Farr; "Cervantes," by H. E. Watts; "Chapman, George," by A. C. Swinburne; "Chaucer," by W. Minto; "Chemistry," by Prof. Armstrong; "China," by Prof. Douglas; "Church History," by Prof. Wallace; "Clarendon, Earl of," by Henry Reeve; "Communism," by Mrs. Garrett Fawcett.

M. PINART continues his valuable publication, the *Bibliothèque de Linguistique et d'Ethnographie Américaine*. The second volume contains a dictionary of the Dene-Dindji (Chippewyan of the Mackenzie River), and the third a vocabulary of the Eskimo of the Lower Mackenzie. M. Pinart is preparing for the press a vocabulary and grammar of the three principal languages spoken in Alaska: viz. (1) Aleut, as spoken in the Fore Islands, together with remarks on the Western dialect; (2) Southern Eskimo, as spoken in Kadiak; (3) Kolosh, as spoken in Sitka. These will appear in his forthcoming work, *Voyage à la Côte Nord-Ouest de l'Amérique*, and will form the third volume of that work. M. Pinart, after having spent last winter at Paris, collecting in-

formation relative to the Apache, Pimo, Yuma and Mojave tribes of Arizona, has gone to San Francisco in pursuit of his linguistic studies.

WE hear that Rajendralala Mitra has undertaken the translation of the *Vāyu-Purāṇa* for Professor Max Müller's edition of the "Sacred Books of the East."

MESSRS. LÉVY have just published a volume of letters by M. X. Doudan, some time secretary to the Duc de Broglie, father of the present Duke, who never published anything during his lifetime, but who was well known for his subtle and searching intellect and for his marvellous talent in conversation. The correspondence is introduced by a charming preface by M. Silvestre de Sacy, in which he relates his youthful recollections.

AMONG the candidates for the French Academy is M. Eugène Fromentin, the brilliant painter of Arabs and Kabyles. M. Fromentin is not only a painter, but also a writer of great merit. His novel entitled *Dominique* is one of the most distinguished works of contemporary literature of the imagination, and he has just published a volume of art-criticism entitled *Maitres d'Autrefois: Belgique, Hollande (Pion)*, which is equally remarkable in point of style and of picturesque criticism.

M. P. JANET has just published with Messrs. Gernier-Baillière his important work on *Final Causes*.

A BOOK of travels, the second edition of which has recently appeared, *Marocco*, by Signor Edmondo de Amicis, being an account of the writer's wanderings in that country, deserves notice as among the most graphic and interesting contributions to Italian literature of this class. It might be desirable to have it translated; and in an English dress we might expect its appearance to be welcome. "Viaggi" are at present particularly in request among Italian readers.

PROFESSOR KONRAD MAURER has closed his course of lectures on Northern Jurisprudence in the University at Christiania. In returning thanks for the reception that had been accorded to him in Norway, Professor Maurer declared that he personally would willingly have accepted the chair offered to him by the Norwegian University, and made his home in Scandinavia, if his colleagues in the University of Munich had not peremptorily urged upon him the duty of retaining his place among them.

THE Bohemian historian Francis Palacky died at Prague on May 26. He was born in 1798, at the village of Hodslavice, in Moravia, where his father was the schoolmaster, and was educated at the gymnasium of Presburg, in Hungary. He there became the intimate friend of the Slovak poet Kollar, the author of many well-known works. Palacky first produced in collaboration with Schafarik a book on Bohemian poetry, and afterwards wrote two aesthetical essays. In 1823 he commenced his long and fruitful study of the sources of Bohemian history. During ten years (1827-1837) he was editor of the *Journal of the Bohemian Museum*, in which he published from time to time the results of his researches. In 1829 his *Wirdigung der alten böhmischen Geschichtsschreiber* was crowned by the Scientific Society of Prague, and the Bohemian Estates the same year appointed him "national historiographer." He wrote on the *Youth of Wallenstein*, a *Memoir of Dobrowsky*, a *Sketch of the Earliest Monuments of the Bohemian Language*, and on the *Inroad of the Mongols*, but his most important work is his *History of Bohemia* from the earliest times down to the death of King Sigismund. It appeared in six octavo volumes from 1836 to 1854, and took rank at once as a standard history by the evidence it afforded of the industry, research, and substantial moderation of its author. A fervent patriot, and, together with his son-in-law, Dr. Rieger, an in-

fluent member of the party known as the "Old Tchechs" (i.e. conservative nationalists), Palacky was always a loyal subject and firm adherent of Austrian unity as he understood it—the claims of his own country to federal existence being satisfied. His visit to the Moscow Congress in 1867 afforded him the opportunity of pleading the cause of moderation and humanity on the part of the Russians towards the Poles. Palacky was named in 1861 a life-member of the Upper House in the Austrian Parliament.

THE *Nuova Antologia* for May contains a very interesting article by Signora Caterina Pigorini Beri, on the Popular Songs of the Marca. She has collected a large number of these songs herself, writing them down as they were repeated to her by the peasants. She gives many instances of the different kinds, all remarkable for their simple beauty and pathos. They are handed down from mother to child, many of them being of great antiquity.

As a contribution to the second International Congress of Paris, a history of Italian voyages has been published under the superintendence of a Ministerial deputation. It bears the title *Studi bibliografici e biografici sulla storia della geografia in Italia* (Rome). For this work a vast amount of material has been collected, but it has been put together without much order. Information on some important points is scanty, while on others of minor importance there is a superabundance of details.

DR. C. WITTE has brought out a new edition, with notes and illustrations, of Dante's *Vita Nuova* (Leipzig: Brockhaus), which seems likely from its excellence to supplant all editions hitherto published.

PROF. MAHAFFY writes:—

"It has been pointed out to me that (by a clerical error) in my review of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in the ACADEMY for May 20, I spoke of the three *Sonatas* in Beethoven's Op. 1, when I should have said the three *Trios* (for violin, violoncello, and piano). The Adagio in E major of which I then spoke is the slow movement in the *second* of these Trios. But as I specified the key properly, no musician need have been misled."

THE *Alpine Journal* for May contains, besides the usual records of mountain adventure and exploration, some very interesting literary notes on subjects connected with the Alps and mountains generally. The Rev. J. Sowerby gives extracts from a MS. describing an Englishman's tour in the Alps in 1800. The writer was evidently a traveller of adventurous spirit for those times, for he crossed the St. Théodé Pass. His account of the prevailing desolation of Central Europe and Switzerland, from the effects of the Napoleonic wars, is very striking. Mr. Tuckett continues his useful catalogue of Alpine Bibliography, and the editor extracts from an article by Dr. N. Bolognini, in the 1875 "Annuario" of the Trentino Alpine Club, some very interesting details as to the churches of Val Rendéna, and the various traces still to be found of Charles the Great having marched an army through the Lombard Alps. It is natural that members of the Alpine Club should have something to say to the not very kindly attack on them which Mr. J. R. Green has lately republished in his *Stray Studies*. The editor, Mr. Douglas Freshfield, writes a very good-humoured note in reply, which concludes, not ineffectively, as follows:—

"We have every disposition, our censor must allow, to take his not very polite admonitions in good part; but we are anxious for further help. We have naturally looked to his other writings to find what he admires, as well as what he condemns, and the reference has had a strange and most unsatisfactory result. Mr. J. R. Green has just written a history of the English people, in which he claims to have given, for the first time, literature and its heroes their due—Chaucer more space than Cressy. The due of modern literature would appear, in Mr. Green's opinion, to be oblivion. Since 1689 he finds only seven

literary events worth a passing allusion. Defoe, Addison, Berkeley, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Shelley, Wordsworth, Sir W. Scott, get no mention in his pages; the only Pope in his index is a Pope of Rome. . . . All we can do is to examine with the attention it deserves the one Alpine 'Study' which our critic supplies for our imitation. The principal lesson we have gathered from it is that henceforth we must make fun at our fellow-travellers' expense, instead of, as in our simplicity we have been wont, at our own.

"A critic who, in the humour of the Italian Carnival he elsewhere describes, chooses to fling a handful of very hard comfits can scarcely complain if a purveyor of 'the lowest form of literature' replies with such flour as may lie handy. But we should be sorry to be thought too serious in our retort, or unmindful of the gratitude and respect due for a history which, whatever its failings, has real genius in it."

We have received *Cholera Epidemics in East Africa*, by Dr. James Christie (Macmillan); *Catalogue of British Pottery and Porcelain in the Museum of Practical Geology*, third edition, by T. Reeks and F. W. Rudler (London: Printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode); *The Englishman's Illustrated Guide-Book to the United States and Canada*, third edition (Longmans); *Prussia and the Poor*, by the Rev. R. Hibbs (Williams and Norgate); *The Peasant's Home, 1760-1875*, by E. Smith (Stanford); *Systems of Land Tenure in Various Countries*, edited by J. W. Probyn, new edition (Cassell); *The Devil's Chain*, by Edward Jenkins, M.P., fifteenth thousand (Strahan); *Leaves from a Journalist's Note-Book*, second series, by Percy Russell (Gordon and Gotch); *Autobiography of Mr. Robert Skeen, Printer* (Wyman and Sons); *On some Defects in our present School System*, by the Rev. T. Black (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas); *Archiv for Matematik og Naturvidenskab*, udgivet af S. Lie, Worm Müller og G. O. Sars, 1. Bind, 1. Hefte (Kristiania: Cammermeyer); *Das Vatikanische Dogma*, von Dr. Joseph Langen, zweite Ausgabe (Bonn: Weber).

OBITUARY.

BOSWORTH, Prof. Joseph, at Oxford, May 27, aged 87.
HUGHES, William, F.R.G.S., in London, May 21, aged 59.
KINGSLEY, Henry, May 24, aged 46.
PALACKY, Franz, at Prague, May 26, aged 78. [Author of *Jugendgeschichte Albrechts von Waldstein: Literarische Reise nach Italien*; *Die ältesten Denkmäler der böhmischen Sprache*; *Geschichte von Böhmen*, &c.]

THE LATE PROF. BOSWORTH.

By the death of Dr. Joseph Bosworth, Rawlinsonian Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford, English philology has lost its most venerable representative. Born in 1788, Dr. Bosworth was able to look back to a time when the mighty achievements of modern linguistic science were as yet only dimly foreshadowed in the brilliant but inaccurate work of Horne Took, the *Diversions of Purley*. He could remember the time when the sure foundation of scientific philology was laid by the great Dane, Erasmus Rask, and when Jacob Grimm in Germany, working with the materials and methods he learnt from Rask, was able to rear that astonishing monument of human industry and research, the *Deutsche Grammatik*. Rask was born in 1787, Grimm in 1785; they were, therefore, almost exact contemporaries of Dr. Bosworth, who, however, outlived them both by many years.

Although Dr. Bosworth corresponded both with Rask and Grimm, he never mastered the principles of modern scientific philology, but remained till the last true to the older school represented by the works of Hickes and Lye. Nor did he add anything to the existing knowledge of Anglo-Saxon by any researches of his own, all his works being based almost entirely on the material collected by others. The reputation Dr. Bosworth enjoyed as an Anglo-Saxon scholar was due to two causes—firstly, to his having had the courage to take up the study of the oldest stage of our language at a time when that study

was perhaps at the lowest ebb it had ever reached since the days of Archbishop Parker; and, secondly, to his successful attempts to popularise it in convenient and cheap handbooks. To Dr. Bosworth belongs the no small merit of having been the first to free Anglo-Saxon grammar and lexicography from the trammels of Latin rules and interpretations—his *Elements of Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, published in 1823, was the first grammar of the language that was ever written in English, with the exception of the much earlier attempt of Miss Elstob, sister of William Elstob. But his most useful works were his two dictionaries, published in 1838 and 1848, the second being an abridgment of the former, which are still the only works of the kind accessible to the purely English reader. The most important of his other works are his edition of King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon version of Orosius, and his parallel-text edition of the Anglo-Saxon Gospels. During the last years of his life Dr. Bosworth was engaged on a new and enlarged edition of his Dictionary, for the University Press, Oxford—a work which his death has left unfinished. Dr. Bosworth was elected to the Chair of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford in 1858, and held it up to the time of his death.

HENRY SWEET.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARE writes to us to express "his sincere regret as to a misstatement regarding Mr. Murray's *Handbooks* which appeared in his late work *Cities of Northern and Central Italy*. Mr. Hare there speaks of the omission of the Gallery at Forli, and that of Vanallo, Orta, and other places in the neighbourhood of the Italian lakes in *Murray's Handbook for Northern Italy*. He was not then aware that, in the latest editions of the *Handbook*, the Gallery of Forli was inserted, and that Vanallo, Orta, &c., have been recently transferred from the *Handbook* of Switzerland to that of Northern Italy. In compliance with the desire of Mr. John Murray, Mr. Hare is most happy to express publicly his regret for any injustice he has inadvertently rendered."

In March last a committee of the Sydney Chamber of Commerce was appointed to aid the project of farther exploration of the island of New Guinea by the naturalist D'Alberty. At a meeting on the 7th of last month it was announced that the Colonial Government, desirous of assisting the proposed expedition, were willing to place the steam-launch *Neva*, a vessel well fitted for the work contemplated, at Signor D'Alberty's disposal, provided that a sufficient sum were raised by public subscription to pay the wages of the crew. Since the date of the meeting a fair amount has been subscribed. Signor D'Alberty proposes to prosecute the exploration of the Fly river to the head of the navigation, and from that point to work his way across country to Yule Island, a route which, if he can follow it, must give much information as to the central mountain ridge and the unknown interior.

THE report of Herr G. A. Haggenmacher's journey in the Somali country of East Africa during 1874 is shortly to be published as an extra number of *Petermann's Mittheilungen*, along with an original route-map. The journey has greater interest since, with the exception of Captain Burton's venturesome exploration of Harar in 1854, described in his *First Footsteps in East Africa*, no European has been successful in getting beyond the mere coast-land of the northern Somali country. Haggenmacher was Egyptian commissary at the Vienna Exhibition, and on his return thence in the end of 1873, determining to attempt an exploration of the Somali country, was set down at Berbera by one of the Government mail steamers in December of that year. After forming a camel caravan of fifteen animals, and with a considerable native following, unfortunately chosen from various tribes, he set out southward,

making for the country of Ogaden and the Wobbi or Nile of the Somalis. The story of his journey, in which he reached a point more than 150 miles inland, is a record of endless jealousies and conflicts between the native tribes, giving a vivid picture of the continual raids and systematic plunderings which disturb this part of Africa, and from the midst of which the traveller barely escaped with life and with the loss of all his goods. His papers were, however, saved, and from these a very complete account of the geography, ethnography, industries and traffic of the belt of country through which he passed has been drawn up, but owing to the death of the author these papers have not had his final revision. Supplementary to his report are very interesting papers on the history and probable origin of the Somali peoples, on the trade of Harar, and on the climatic conditions of Berbera, from observations during part of 1873-74.

WE welcome the first number of Dr. G. Schweinfurth's *Geographische Nachrichten*, dated from Cairo on May 20—an auto-lithographed sheet of eight pages, describing his journey with Dr. Güssfeldt through the desert from the Nile to the Red Sea, referred to in last week's ACADEMY; and also giving an account of a trip by Dr. P. Ascherson to the Little Oasis (Wah-el-Bahrieh) from March to May of this year. Dr. Schweinfurth's journey has resulted in the addition of many unexpected plants to the Egyptian desert flora, and Dr. Güssfeldt returns with a booty of no less than twenty astronomically determined positions in latitude and longitude, besides other observations. Dr. Ascherson has also been able to extend Professor Jordan's sketch survey of the Little Oasis, made in 1874, very materially; and owing to the friendly reception given him by the inhabitants, has gathered many details of interest respecting their domestic life. He reports a custom here which is quite unknown in other parts of the Nile valley, namely, that of fire-making by rubbing together two dry pieces of the mid-rib of the date palm-leaf.

THE collections brought by Colonel Sosnofsky from China are now arranged in the Ministry for the Home Department in St. Petersburg, and as soon as the catalogues are completed and Colonel Sosnofsky's report is ready the exhibition will be opened to the public. This collection, says the correspondent of a Russian newspaper, gives a good idea of the actual state of the industry of China. Here may be seen a faithful representation of the Chinese house with all its apparatus, furniture, domestic utensils, &c., the arms and machinery used by the people, comprising wheelbarrows, carts, harness, agricultural implements, looms, waterwheels, winnowing machines, models of instruments of torture and punishment, and a few articles characteristic of the life of the people, such as money, books of accounts, visiting cards, &c. Next are the collections of dress and finery, military uniforms, ladies' and official costumes. Many of these appear strange and grotesque to the European, but on a closer inspection their utility and suitability to peculiarities of climate and country are very striking. Some of the Chinese woven materials make a most favourable impression, and particularly the silk, the cheapness of which is in striking contrast to the high prices paid for it in St. Petersburg. Indeed, the establishment of direct trade routes to China from Russia cannot fail to have important results on the international relations of both countries, and the importation of tea and other articles will become a large and profitable trade. Among other objects worthy of notice in Sosnofsky's collection there are some fine specimens of Chinese carving in silver, wood, and ivory, articles of food and other productions of China exported to the neighbouring countries. To these must be added a large collection of drawings, photographs, and Chinese printing.

THE African traveller, Eduard Mohr, who has

come to this country to consult with Lieutenant Cameron and others in regard to the arrangements to be made for his intended expedition, will shortly leave for Lisbon, whence he proposes, after a short stay, to proceed direct to the Angola settlements. He has made choice of Malange as his first centre of operations, and from that point he hopes to push on in an easterly direction to Kibondo, the extreme limit of Lieutenant Lux's explorations, which lies beyond the Portuguese settlements, and is tributary to Muata Yanvo. North of Kibondo, at the watershed of the Quango and the Cassabi, lies the still unexplored region of Luba, which is believed to be identical with Livingstone's "Mai." If the enterprising traveller should succeed in reaching Kibondo, he will not be very far distant from Muata Yanvo's capital, Kabebe, where it is to be hoped he may meet with his countryman, Dr. Pogge, from whom no tidings have been received for a very long time, but who when last heard of was at Musumbo.

The Abstract of the Reports of the Surveys and other Geographical Operations in India for 1873-74, lately issued by the Geographical Department of the India Office under the direction of Mr. Clements Markham, runs over an immense variety of subjects connected with the progress of the Topographical, Hydrographic, Geological, and Archaeological labours of the staff in India. While the greater number of the Reports necessarily deal with the steady advance which is being made in the work of triangulating and mapping out the great empire, some have a more particular interest. In his archaeological tour in the Punjab, for example, General Cunningham has examined the ancient remains of the southern district of Yuzufzai, where numerous mounds have yielded coins, sculptures, and pottery, which prove them to be the ruins of villages occupied from a period preceding the invasion of Alexander the Great down to the time of Mahmud of Ghazni. The inscriptions found are Aryan in character.

THE LONDON COMPANIES.

THE City Companies have a long and grand history to glory in, but it is a history of the past. Most of them have outlived the objects for which they were founded, because the world has outgrown them and monopoly is no longer a possibility. It has, therefore, been said that at present they are merely "trustees for charitable purposes or chartered festivals."

The eye of the public is chiefly fixed upon the twelve great Companies, but the history of many of the smaller ones is as fruitful in interest. The oldest—the Saddlers' Company—which was originally a Saxon guild, is not one of the twelve, but stands No. 25 in the list, and the next oldest—that of the Weavers—is numbered 42. The charter which was granted by Henry II. to the latter Company confirmed the privileges enjoyed under Henry I. We first hear of other Fraternities, Mysteries, or Crafts in the reign of Henry II., when eighteen of them were amerced as adulterine, or set up without the King's licence. Six hundred members of the Crafts attended at the marriage of Edward I. and his second wife Margaret in a livery of red and white, with the distinctive marks of the respective Mysteries embroidered on their sleeves. This is the earliest mention of a livery known. In the reign of Edward III., the trading fraternities were entirely reconstituted, and a distinctive dress was assumed by each. The title of Master or Warden was substituted for that of Alderman, which was henceforth restricted to the head of a City ward. Thirteen of the Mysteries were then allowed special privileges, and the King himself became a brother of the corporation of Merchant Tailors. In the reign of Richard II. the Companies were first compelled to enroll their Charters, and the

twelve chief Companies were bracketed off from the rest. In Richard III.'s time twenty-six of the Companies were sufficiently rich to possess halls of meeting.

New Companies were added to the list as new trades came into being; thus among the later ones the Feltmakers were chartered by James I., the Clockmakers, the Glovers and Comb-makers by Charles I., the Needlemakers by Oliver Cromwell, the Coach and Coach-Harness Makers and Wheelwrights by Charles II., and lastly, the Fanmakers by Queen Anne. The relative position of the Companies has constantly changed, and we find that in 1501 the Dyers' Company was one of the select twelve. In 1517, the Sheermen's Company ranked as No. 12, but in 1532 the Dyers were again in their old position. In 1602 the Company of Clothworkers (a union of the Sheermen and the Fullers) had taken its present place, and the Dyers were permanently fixed as No. 13. The riches of some of the twelve, and of a few of the others, dazzle the public, but the majority of the total seventy-four Livery Companies will be found to be poor. In 1837, when the Parliamentary Commissioners reported on the London Companies, the Horners were said to have an income of only 34*l.*, the Pavours of 18*l.*, and another Company had a bare revenue of 10*l.* Some of the Companies were then in abeyance, as the Pinmakers, of which body one or two members only were supposed to be living. In 1873 a curious resuscitation of one of these quiescent Companies took place. Certain gentlemen who wished to become citizens and liverymen were looking about for a suitable Company to join, when they were struck with the exceeding simplicity of that of the Needlemakers, which consisted of a nominal livery and a court of two members. They joined *en masse*, and soon rose to the highest honours the court had to bestow.

The commissioners referred to above divided the Companies into three classes:—1. Those still exercising an efficient control of their trade, namely, the Goldsmiths and the Apothecaries. 2. Those exercising the right of search, &c., including the Stationers, at whose hall copyright books are entered; the Gunmakers, who prove all the guns made in the City; the Founders, who test and mark weights; the Saddlers, who examine the workmanship of saddles; and the Pewterers and Plumbers, who make assays. 3. Companies into which persons carrying on certain occupations in the City are compelled to enter.

The Companies were formerly eager in upholding their rights: thus the Fishmongers petitioned Parliament in 1571 and complained of the non-observance of Lent, "whereby the sale of fish and encouragement to the fisheries were greatly injured." To their petition they added a list of the butchers who killed and sold flesh during Lent. Sometimes the Companies came in collision with each other. In 1226 a serious feud showed itself between the Goldsmiths and the Tailors. They met completely armed, and in the fight that ensued several were killed. Thirteen of the ring-leaders were arrested, condemned, and executed. In 1375 there was a general quarrel among the crafts, which occasioned a wrestling at Blackheath, in which a mercer was killed.

As new trades arose, the old ones were apt to look at them with jealous eyes; thus the carpenters complained that the bricklayers and masons interfered with their business, and they further asserted "that timber buildings were more commodious for this citie than brick buildings were."

The Lord Mayor possessed general powers of control over the different associations, which he often exercised, and he is styled in an old memorial the "Warden of all the Companies." Whittington, in 1422, laid an information before his successor in the Mayoralty (Robert Chichele) against certain members of the Brewers' Company, for selling *dear ale*, in which it was declared that the "Brewers had ridden into the country and fore-

stalled the malt, to raise its price," and in consequence they were fined 20*l.* for their crime.

The riches of the chief Companies have caused them to be singled out as the objects of royal cupidity. Henry VIII. originated the custom of forced loans, and his successors bettered the instruction left them. These were found to be a never-failing source of supply which Queen Elizabeth worked with vigour. On one occasion she actually squeezed out of the Companies more money than she wanted, and with a cleverness worthy of modern financing, she lent the surplus back to the citizens on security of gold and silver plate, at seven per cent. interest. Another attack upon the Companies was the system of patents, giving power to persons about the Court to search for and license certain commodities. Still another form of interference was the attempt of the Court to obtain a control over the choice of officers; thus in 1612 Lady Elizabeth, the daughter of James I., recommended a man for the cook's place in one of the Companies. The Companies can point to the names of some of the most distinguished men of all times as being inscribed upon their books, but none can boast of so many as the Merchant Tailors, who at the beginning of the eighteenth century had already enrolled as brothers ten kings, three princes, twenty-seven bishops, forty-seven earls, and sixteen lord mayors. With such representative men as Lord Selborne as the Master of the first Company (the Mercers), and Mr. Gladstone as a Turner, the Companies can still boast that the honours they have to bestow are appreciated by the great.

A new Commission of Inquiry has been talked of, and reform of some kind is loudly called for. The idea of many outside reformers is that the revenues should be devoted more exclusively to charity and to the carrying out of certain pet schemes of the projectors; but there are signs that the notion of reform from within is some system of technical education, as several of the Companies have offered prizes for the improvement of their trades. Each Company might be made a college of instruction for the trade it represents, and a general organisation for the whole might easily be arranged.

When first founded, each Company stood at the head of its trade by right; it should now place itself in the same position by its works.

H. B. WHEATLEY.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris: May 27, 1876.

Michelet's funeral took place at Père Lachaise on May 18, in the midst of an immense crowd, who came to do honour to one of the greatest writers of our century, a man who, as historian, thinker, and poet, has perhaps exercised more influence on the present generation than any other. The order and solemnity with which the ceremony was conducted rendered it most impressive: the Institute, the Collège de France, the Ecole Normale, the students of Paris, Nancy, Toulouse, Aix, Montpellier, Montauban, Rome, Naples, Perugia, Bologna, Turin, and Roumania, all sent delegates to represent them on this solemn occasion, who delivered eloquent addresses in the name of those various bodies, expressive of the services rendered by Michelet to science, liberty, and thought. The finest of these, from a literary and oratorical point of view, was M. Challemeil-Lacour's, describing in really magnificent language Michelet's social and religious influence on his contemporaries. He commented on Michelet's own words regarding himself, "*Je suis resté peuple*," and explained how he had separated himself from Catholicism, not *par impiété* but, on the contrary, *par religion*. With remarkable delicacy and in moving terms M. Bersot, who represented the Institute, sketched his life; M. Laboulaye, in the name of the Collège de France, uttered a noble and energetic protest against the decree of 1852 whereby Michelet was deprived of his professor-

ship, and M. Havet alluded to the lasting memory his old pupils of the Ecole Normale cherish of him; while M. Quicherat, rightly appreciating their value, reviewed his qualities as an historian and the services he has rendered to the world as such. These addresses, all of real literary value, will remain the finest tribute that can ever be paid to Michelet's memory; and what finally stamped this solemn occasion was the presence of M. Mignet, now over eighty years of age and the oldest of our historians, at the head of the procession.

A ceremony of the same kind, but more political in its character, took place at Marseilles on the occasion of the interment of Alphonse Esquiros. Certainly no possible comparison can be made between the genius of Michelet and the talent of Esquiros; and whereas the former always held aloof from political life the latter was constantly mixed up in it, showing by the part he played more good-will than wisdom. His *Histoire des Montagnards* was extremely popular when it first came out, but little deserved that popularity, not being the result of serious study, and owing its success solely to the violence of the revolutionary opinions it expressed. Well-deserved on the other hand was the reputation he earned among all serious minds by the books he produced during his exile in England. His work on *L'Angleterre et la Vie Anglaise*, and likewise that on Holland, are excellent studies, written with real talent, and showing almost throughout admirable impartiality and accuracy of mind in the author. Removed as he was from the vulgar sphere where he had sought to win an easy success to a country less disturbed by political passions, Esquiros was able to develop the better sides of his lofty and refined nature. On returning to France party-spirit again took possession of him, and he relapsed into declamatory exaggerations, of which he seemed to have been cured. He leaves his *Mémoires*, sure to be extremely interesting, dating from 1848 to 1875.

The last few weeks have been fortunate ones for the literary world, bringing us several volumes which are a real feast. M. Troubat, Sainte-Beuve's secretary, presents us with two unpublished volumes by the man who is not only the first of French literary critics, but who, so to speak, is the personification of French criticism. The first, entitled *Les Cahiers de Sainte-Beuve* (Lemerre), consists of a series of notes on men, events, or books, notes in which Sainte-Beuve sums up in striking and piquant form his judgment and impressions. They express, more especially, his antipathies. Cousin, Guizot, St.-Marc Girardin get terribly ill-treated; nor does M. Thiers escape without a few scratches, though, at the same time, his greatness is magnified by the conversations sparkling with spirit and wit which, carefully noted down at the time by Sainte-Beuve, are now made public. The political passages, particularly those relating to the Revolution of 1848, are both eloquent and profound; one remark concerning Christianity strikes me as an admirable résumé of the whole of the religious history of the nineteenth century:—"Le christianisme de nos jours a cessé d'être cru, mais il a été compris et senti, c'est ce qui le prolonge." The other volume, perhaps still more interesting, is called *Chroniques Parisiennes* (Lévy), and its origin is worth noting. From 1843 to 1845, Sainte-Beuve sent M. J. Ollivier, editor of the *Revue Suisse*, a fortnightly literary and political letter, from which M. Ollivier concocted a *Chronique Parisienne*, suppressing, needless to say, all that was too cutting or injurious. The originals of these letters are now published by M. Troubat, and the volume may be regarded as one of the most remarkable the critic's pen ever produced. Free from all pretension or carelessness, his style was never more refined and graceful. His judgments are wondrously sound, and have, we feel, all the warmth and vividness of immediate impressions. Strange to say, when we read the articles Sainte-Beuve published in France at that time, their style often strikes us as laboured and affected, and we meet with exaggerations and

faults of taste—the reason being that he thought it necessary, out of regard for those among whom he lived, to restrain himself and often to spin out his thought. In his Lausanne letters he shows himself as he really is, and at that distance pronounces judgments which have become the judgments of posterity on contemporary works. His penetration amounts to the power of prophesy. At the time of the Guizot Ministry, he predicts in his *Cahiers* that one day France will be crushed by a military power she does not even dream of mistrusting. Similarly, in 1843, he foresees in his *Chroniques* the decline and disappearance of Liberal Catholicism, and the triumph of Jesuitism over Gallicanism. There are a few wonderfully eloquent pages on the religious movement:—"Les Français," he writes, "qui sont à Fribourg ou en Belgique s'étonnent des formes superstitieuses qu'y prend le catholicisme. On ne s'en étonnera plus dans quelques années. On s'en étonne encore le jésuitisme du catholicisme. Dans vingt ans on ne les séparera plus." These predictions are now accomplished. Witty sayings are numerous. The four pages he devotes to Villemain pronounce the most comprehensive judgment possible on that author, who is more of a rhetorician than a thinker:—"Villemain," he says, "n'aime pas la religion, ni l'art, ni la nature, ni rien. Il aime les lettres et par elles tout." Speaking in admiration of a description Victor Hugo had given of Thessaly, the only fault of which was that it did not answer to Thessaly in a single point, he goes on to say:—"M. Hugo a décrété une Thessalie, comme il décrète toutes choses." What we most admire in this volume is the independence, the sincerity, the disinterestedness of the writer's thought, the freedom from all prejudice, charlatanism, and bombast. Those at whom he levels his most bitter sarcasms are the men who are wanting in sincerity, who magnify their own importance and seek to win success, not of the right kind, at any cost. Sainte-Beuve is the last of our literary men, for the only one beside him and after him who has shown himself worthy to be compared with him as a critic—namely, M. Schérer—has been almost entirely absorbed by politics. He has, nevertheless, just republished, in a volume called *Etudes de critique et de littérature* (Lévy), several articles, of which some, those for instance on Rabelais and Goethe, are full of originality and talent.

I come now to the great literary novelty of the day, M. Renan's *Dialogues philosophiques* (Lévy). The dialogues occupy only half the volume, which contains, besides, a letter on religion addressed to M. A. Guérault in 1862; an article on M. Vacherot, written in 1860, and two articles, one by M. Renan, the other by M. Berthelot, written in 1863, laying down the broad outlines of a general system of the universe. It is satisfactory to see these various fragments, which were already known, collected together: the one on M. Vacherot, headed *De l'avenir de la métaphysique*, is a masterly composition. But the originality of the volume lies in the *Dialogues philosophiques*. They were written during the Commune in 1871, at Versailles. At that tragic moment, when France seemed about to be engulfed in unprecedented misfortune, M. Renan wanted to take exact count of his own thought, and schedule his philosophical beliefs. He has reproduced them in the form of dialogues—the first entitled *Certitudes*; the second, *Probabilités*; the third, *Rêves*. Let it be said at once, never was philosophy less like philosophy than this of M. Renan's. It is a mixture of cosmogonic dreams after the fashion of the ancients, of Parmenides or Empedocles, and humorous freaks like Jean Paul Richter's or Schopenhauer's. He tells us himself that no one can find fault with him for what he says in these dialogues. Not one of the personages he introduces represents his thought exactly, but rather various and at times contradictory sides of it. Moreover, he has clothed his ideas in paradoxical form, which impresses them on the brain, and by perplexing the

mind rouses it to reflection. Finally, to ensure what he says not being taken too seriously, he reminds us of the *curé* who, seeing the awful impression produced on his hearers by the history of the Passion, said, "Mes enfants, ne pleurez pas; il y a longtemps que c'est arrivé, et puis ce n'est peut-être pas bien vrai." In fact the three dialogues might be collectively entitled, as the third is, *Rêves*, for what he calls *Certitudes* are far from being universally accepted as such. These certainties, according to Philaethes, reduce themselves to two: on the one side, no caprice, no individual and supernatural will, interposes to alter the course of the universe; on the other, the world has an object and a definite plan on which it labours at a mysterious work. All individuals are sacrificed to this general object, and nature impels them to sacrifice themselves, either by making them believe that in so doing they will be happy, or by making them look on such sacrifice as a duty. But what is this mysterious object which nature is pursuing? Here we come to the *Probabilités*. Theophrastus answers that the object of nature is the attainment of consciousness and the realisation of the absolute ideal. This end she will attain, because she has eternity and infinitude before her. Science and perfect consciousness will be realised one day, for the universe is a lottery, the number of tickets is infinite, but all of them will be drawn, the good ticket as well as the rest. But how will the ideal and the absolute be realised? Théociste (he who creates God) takes upon himself to answer in the *Rêves*. It might be realised under a democratic, an aristocratic, or a monarchical form; under a democratic, if all thinking beings were at one given moment to attain to perfect knowledge and virtue. Théociste rejects this solution, for to him complete equality seems impossible without universal rapidness, and the reign of democracy risks transforming the world into a planet of idiots, solely intent on material enjoyment. The aristocratic form would be more to his taste; a few wise men who had attained to extraordinary perfection and so far sounded the secrets of nature as to be able to dispose even of the existence of the earth and the planets, would come to be regarded as real divinities by all other beings. But evidently the monarchical solution finds most favour in the eyes of Théociste. He sees the whole universe forming one single consciousness, all existences concentrated "dans un seul être, sentant, jouissant, absorbant par son gosier brûlant un fleuve de volupté qui s'épancherait hors de lui en un torrent de vie. Un jour, une bouche colossale savourerait l'infini; un océan d'ivresse y coulerait; une intarissable émission de vie, ne connaissant ni repos, ni fatigue, jaillirait dans l'infini." In this supreme existence all who have lived for truth and right would live again—not, it is true, individually, for the individual consciousness presupposes a limit, a distinction between the "me" and the "not me," but merged, idealised in the universal consciousness which would be their own work. I do not pretend, as you will readily understand, either to criticise or refute these theories—theories which, in their vague and magnificent improbability remind us of the mystics of Alexandria or India. We must look in this work not for a definite system, but for poetical conceptions alternately graceful, touching, naïve, witty, grand, and absurd, which transport, baffle, and disgust us by turns; wild, yet at the same time admirable, no one will regret the hours spent in reading these dialogues, which may even furnish subject for fruitful meditation.

I have only time very briefly to call attention to a few recent publications worth noticing for various reasons: M. de Chantelauze's fine book, *Le procès et la mort de Marie Stuart*, drawn from the very curious journal of her doctor, Bourgoing (Plon); a new edition, much more complete than former ones, of the letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse by M. E. Asse (Charpentier), with an admirable notice prefixed; lastly, two volumes published for the Société des Anciens Textes Fran-

çais, by M. Gaston Paris (Didot). One contains a collection of *Chansons du Moyen-Age*, with the original music; the other is a photo-lithographic reproduction of the manuscripts of the oldest texts known to exist in the French tongue. The very day these two volumes came out, M. G. Paris was made a member of the Academy of Inscriptions.

G. MONOD.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

CLARETTE, Jules. *L'art et les artistes français contemporains*. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
DOUDAN, X. *Mélanges et lettres de*. Paris: C. Lévy. 15 fr.
FROMENTIN, E. *Les maîtres d'autrefois: Belgique, Hollande*. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
MYERS, A. B. R. *Life with the Hamran Arabs*. Smith, Elder, & Co. 12s.
PIRON, H. *L'Ile de Cuba: Santiago, Puerto Principe, Matanzas, La Havane*. Paris: Plon. 4 fr.
WESTWOOD, J. O. *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Fictile Ivories in the South Kensington Museum*. Chapman & Hall.

History.

DELOD, Taxile. *Histoire du second empire, 1848-1870*. T. 6. Paris: Germer-Baillière. 7 fr.
MAISSIAT, J. *Jules César en Gaule*. T. 2. *La guerre de Gaule jusqu'au blocus d'Alésia*. Paris: Firmin Didot.
SCHMIDT, A. *Pariser Zustände während der Revolutionszeit von 1789-1800*. 3. Thl. Jena: Dufft. 5 M.

Physical Science and Philosophy.

DOERING, A. *Die Kunstlehre d. Aristoteles*. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Philosophie. Jena: Dufft. 6 M.
JAMES, Paul. *Les causes finales*. Paris: Germer-Baillière. 10 fr.
ROHRIG, A. *Die Physiologie der Haut*. Berlin: Hirschwald. 5 M.
WURTZ, A. *Progrès de l'industrie des matières colorantes artistiques*. Paris: Masson. 15 fr.

Philology.

KRETA's Volkslieder nebst Distichen u. Sprichwörtern, hrsg. v. A. Jeannarakis. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 8 M.
RIG-VEDA. Uebersetzt u. m. Anmerkgn. versehen v. H. Grassmann. 1. Thl. 1. Lfg. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 3 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHAKSPEARE'S SON-IN-LAW, DR. JOHN HALL.

St. George's Square, N.W.: May 27, 1876.

Shakspeare's play of *Pericles* was entered in the Stationers' Registers on May 20, 1608. His part of this play, as determined by Mr. Tennyson, is certainly late, and in my opinion belongs to his fourth period, which it heads. One very noticeable feature in Shakspeare's portion of the play, as contrasted with its first-period analogue, the serious part of the *Comedy of Errors*, is the special honour done in it to the student and practiser of medicine, Lord Cerimon. Whereas in the *Errors* we have the "good doctor, Pinch," as Adriana calls him—though he is a schoolmaster and conjurer too—described as

"Along with them

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possessed:—"

whereas in the great first-period tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, we have the apothecary thus pictured:—

"I do remember an apothecary—
And herabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holyday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

* * * * *
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will;—

when we arrive at the fourth-period *Pericles*, in 1608 or 1607—passing over the neutral-tinted doctor in the third-period *Macbeth*—we find the student and practiser of medicine, who brings Thaisa back to life, glorified thus:—

"Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness * and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd
forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—"

Now, if we recollect that John Hall, of Stratford, doctor of medicine, married Shakspeare's eldest daughter, Susanna, on June 5, 1607, at or about the time that the poet was writing *Pericles*, may we not hope, and believe, that Shakspeare's above expansion of Gower's description of his doctor,

"A worthy clerke and surgien,
And eke a great phisicien,
Of all that lond the wisest one,
Which hight maister Cerimon,"

was due to his study of the character of his son-in-law, Dr. John Hall? No doubt Shakspeare idealised his model, as he did the sweet Warwickshire girls, clad in innocence and purity, who sat to him for Marina, Miranda, Perdita; but I do think it a fair inference from Shakspeare's relationship at the time, that in the noble and "great phisicien," Lord Cerimon, Dr. John Hall is more or less represented. The impression left by the latter's book, on some students at least, is that its author was a grave, good man.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

A PREHISTORIC IMPLEMENT.

Kensington: May 29, 1876.

When examining the Permanent Educational Collection at South Kensington, a few days ago, I noticed a cast of a piece of deer's horn, with the following inscription attached:—

"Plaster cast of a portion of the antler of a reindeer. The original is preserved in France. At the thicker end there is a circular hole. There are sometimes as many as four holes in one piece. *Their use is unknown.*"

There is a very similar implement at present, or was recently, in use among the "Red men" of America, to make their arrows straight. These arrows are usually formed of a hard tough willow, which is sometimes crooked when cut, or becomes so in being dried. The arrow is put through the hole, and pressure is applied so as to counteract

* Rank of a noble.

the bend, and this may have to be done over and over again, until perfect straightness is secured.

If the ancient inhabitants of France had to straighten pieces of wood of different thicknesses (say for spears and arrows), holes of different sizes would be required; consequently, in the instances where there were more than one hole, they were probably of different diameters. All the tools that I have seen have had the edges of the holes rounded to prevent the otherwise too sharp edge of the horn injuring the fibre of the wood.

If my supposition is correct, it will, I think, be found, on examining one of these implements that has been a good deal used, that there will be two places on opposite sides of the hole, and on opposite sides of the antler, which are more worn than the remainder, and these will be in a line, or nearly so, with the axis of the longer or handle part of the tool.

JOHN RAE.

THE ROMAN CEMETERY AT YORK.

Specia: May 27, 1876.

The description by Canon Raine, in the *ACADEMY* for May 20, of a mutilated statue, headless, found among the remains of the Roman Cemetery at York—that statue holding in the left hand a bunch of keys, and in the right a buckler—reminds me of a very curious specimen of mystical sculpture in the Vatican Library (or rather in the Museum attached thereto), representing a monstrous figure of a man with a lion-like head and a huge serpent coiling around his body, in one hand being held that same symbol, a key, which is also sometimes given to Janus. The statue in question has puzzled archaeologists at Rome. It is probably of the time of Commodus or Septimius Severus; and some conjecture its subject to be one of the Acons worshipped by Oriental sectaries who could scarcely affect the title of Christian, though they have a place in the history of the Church. That it illustrates some fantastic belief of Oriental origin, is, I conclude, certain—or nearly so—and it seems probable that one of the mystic religions favoured by Imperial patronage and popular at Rome during the second century, and still more in this latter period of the struggle between Christianity and heathenism, especially in the reigns of the above-named Emperors, acknowledged the god, or demon, represented in that sculpture at the Vatican. A great many monuments of Mithraic worship have been found at Rome and at Ostia within recent years; but I am not aware of a single instance of the introduction of the key among the symbolisms on those *rilievi* sculptures, as most of the Mithraic records are. However inferior the art in that class of works generally, there is nothing of the grotesque, but rather the attempt at beauty or dignity, in the figures there prominent, the Persian Sun-God and his ministers.

C. I. HEMANS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SATURDAY, June 3.—3 P.M. Royal Institution: "On King Arthur's Place in English Literature," II., by Prof. H. Morley.
3 P.M. Acturaries: Anniversary.
TUESDAY, June 6.—3 P.M. Royal Institution: "On some of Wheatstone's Discoveries and Inventions," by Prof. W. G. Adams.
8.30 P.M. Zoological: "Skeleton of *Epidodon Novae Zeelandiae*," and "*Meconodon Floweri*," by Dr. J. von Haast; "*On Myxocina tuberculata*," by Dr. G. E. Dobson; "On some Anatomical Characters which bear upon the Major Divisions of the Passerine Birds," Part I., by Prof. Garrod; "On Mammals and Reptiles collected by Dr. Comrie," by Dr. A. G. Sclater.
8.30 P.M. Biblical Archaeology: "Chronological Remarks on the History of Esther and Ahasuerus, or 'Atossa and Tanaxares,'" by J. W. Bohn.
WEDNESDAY, June 7.—7 P.M. Entomological.
8 P.M. Microscopical. Geological.
8 P.M. Archaeological Association.
THURSDAY, June 8.—3 P.M. Royal Institution: "On Voltaic Electricity," by Prof. Tyndall.
5 P.M. Zoological (Davis Lecture): "Homing Pigeons," by W. B. Tegetmeier.
8 P.M. Mathematical: "On a general Method of describing Plane Curves of the nth Degree by Linkwork," by A. B. Kempe; "Further Note on the Motion of a Plane under certain Conditions," by S. Roberts.
8 P.M. Historical: "On the Establishment of Swiss Freedom," by J. Heywood; "Lamorale, Count of Egmont," by W. Pilcher.
FRIDAY, June 9.—3 P.M. Hallé's Fifth Beethoven Recital, St. James's Hall.
8 P.M. Astronomical. Quætt.
8 P.M. New Shakspeare Society: "The Political Element in Massinger," by S. R. Gardiner.
9 P.M. Royal Institution: "On the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy," by Prof. Tyndall.

SCIENCE.

THE "CHALLENGER" EXPEDITION.

THE *Challenger* has arrived at last and safely, and it will be part of the reward of her scientific staff, her commander, and crew, to learn how thoroughly their work and endurance have been appreciated by naturalists and philosophers of every civilised country. In calms and gales, in the Antarctic Seas and in the tropical oceans, and under all the pleasures and discomforts of a nautical life, the work which had to be done was done well and to the satisfaction of the distinguished head of the civilian scientific staff, Prof. Wyville Thomson, F.R.S. There appears to have been a most fortunate agreement between the different heads of departments, and when Captain Nares was in England on his way to the Arctic regions he expressed himself without reserve regarding the good fellowship and amiability of his scientific colleagues. Working thus well together, the years spent away from home by the combined staff have become most important in natural history and terrestrial physics; and, indeed, the expedition marks an epoch in the history of the world. Coming after the successful voyages of the *Lightning* and *Porcupine*, and after those of the Americans in their seas, the *Challenger* expedition had to compete, to complete, and to verify. Even during her long absence the results of other voyages and of separate surveys have been in the hands of the scientific world, and the details gathered by the *Shearwater* in the Mediterranean, by the *Tuscarora* in the North Pacific, besides the discoveries of the local surveys—in the Arctic and Japanese seas, for instance—have served to keep the world awake to the possible discoveries of the greater enterprise. That the present expedition has been successful is well known, for every letter from the *Challenger* has brought forth some important novelty: and the work of her predecessors and contemporaries has been usually satisfactorily tested and finished by her staff.

Thus, soon after the *Challenger* sailed, and when she came into the deep water of the equatorial Atlantic, the staff made a great discovery relating to the vast extent of a red clay on the floor of the ocean at profound depths, and to the comparative absence of life there. This clay, extending as it does far away into the South Atlantic, is found in mid ocean as well as not far from land (where the depth is great); and its red colour, the small quantity of carbonate of lime, and large amount of alumina and oxide of iron contained in it, render its formation extremely difficult to understand. It merges into grey ooze to the north, which becomes the well-known Globigerine deposit of the North Atlantic; and to the south the same gradation is noticed, but a remarkable deposit of silicious matters covers the Antarctic sea-floor. If no other result had followed the expedition, this one great fact would have sufficed to make it remarkable; for it throws a vast amount of light on two questions which are intimately connected with the past history of the globe. We have now evidence that the same kind of marine deposit is not collecting universally, but that at least five well-marked sediments are accumulating in one ocean from pole to pole, and that they depend upon definite physical conditions. And there is the proof given to science that hundreds of thousands of square miles of superficial area of deposits are now collecting with but few traces of organisms within them, while the sea above teems with life. What a barrier to the dispersion of many marine forms this clay must be. In studying the geology of most countries, nothing has been more incomprehensible than the vast extent of red rocks which occur without a trace of a fossil, or with very unsatisfactory evidences of former contemporaneous life; now we know many of them to be of abyssal sea origin. Again, the succession of one great depth of strata over another, both containing fossils whose modern representatives are marine, both having some kinds in common, is usual

enough. The lower one may be silicious in its mineralogy and the upper one calcareous, like the chalk. The most logical theory used to be that which recognised a total alteration in the aspect of nature, and in the relation of sea and land at the close of the deposition of the lowest sediment. But now we know that, were the grey oozes to the north of the region of red clay to be included in one of the many subsidences which have affected the surface of the globe over and over again, they would be gradually overlapped and finally covered by the deep-sea-loving red clay—by a totally different contemporaneous deposit. The exclusion of great periods of time, and of great general physical and biological revolutions is thus possible by adopting this theory of partial subsidence and overlap.

A concurrent discovery, ably worked out by the chemist of the expedition, and well (but not without opposition at home) elaborated by the chief of the staff, materially assists the comprehension of the cause of the comparative absence of organic remains in the red clay. The amount of carbonic acid gas held in suspension by the sea at great depths is very great, and it acts as a solvent on carbonate of lime passing through the zones of depth where it is most abundant. Now, there is no doubt that a perfect rain, down the depths, of floating and swimming things occurs day and night, of things once alive, which settle down gradually into their mighty grave. But their atoms are not always destined to rest in mother earth, for coming within the intervening space they suffer corporeal dissolution, and their molecules are wafted far and wide as a liquid—as carbonate of lime with an attendant spirit in the form of a corresponding amount of carbonic acid. Even those which reach the clay have suffered loss of substance, and then they are altered by the mineral matters of this remarkable earth and still further changed from their original form.

Equally important with this discovery has been that of the universal lowering of the temperature of the large seas with increase of depth, and this verification of the work of the former expeditions is very satisfactory. It completes a very important portion of the physics of the earth, and its biological bearing is immensely interesting. Cognate to this subject are the results of the soundings, and those of the *Challenger* have yielded the deepest in the Atlantic, and have verified those of the *Tuscarora*, to a certain extent, in the Pacific; but those of the *Challenger* will ever remain as the correct data upon which future work will be done. Including, therefore, these separate investigations in one great series, it is not too much to say that the path of the *Challenger* gives us a very fair and, so far as it goes, perfectly accurate idea of the nature of the slopes, hills, vales, and plains at the bottom of the sea—of their soil, of the temperature and pressure of the sea on and about them, and of its living and dead things. Of the treasures which have been fished, trawled, and dredged, not much is known at present, they are packed up, and their restoration to light will be for the edification of naturalists; but every now and then, when any very important "find" was made, the results of the examination were sent in the form of communications to the learned societies; when they have excited a vast amount of satisfaction, and not a little debate. The discovery and description of living forms are now of threefold importance, and they are not matters of simple wonder-mongering as of old. Every newly discovered shell, animal, sponge, or urchin fills up a gap in the great scale of life, and has its zoological importance. Then this position is comparable with that of others, and perhaps of the same species, in the zoology of the past histories of the globe, and thus the entity has a palaeontological bearing; and, finally, in both of these aspects it is related to an ancestry and has all sorts of affinities of structure, and thus helps to verify the great doctrine of Evolution.

One of the most important of the results of the

expeditions which preceded that of the *Challenger* was the discovery that the fauna of the deep sea contained species, genera and groups which existed during past ages, and which have survived the more or less important alterations that initiated and terminated the subsequent so-called geological periods. This at once gave every form from the depths of the sea a palaeontological and philosophical value which was not diminished by the inferences which could be drawn by comparing from the analogy of nature the conditions of the past and present seas. There are examples of this wonderful persistence of forms, and, therefore, of an unbroken succession of generations, to be noticed in the natural-history details already described by the staff of the *Challenger*; and, doubtless, as the vast collection made during the voyage is carefully examined, there will be many more. All this tends to explain the great age of many forms of living things, to link together the past and the present, and thus to give many a shell and coral dredged up with all the skill and appliances of modern ingenuity its proper history in the progressive evolution of the globe. It has been now proved that most animals living on the floor of the deep seas have great ranges, and many are found over widely separated parts of the sea-bottom; and it is especially these which have a great antiquity in the history of the world. And it is certainly remarkable that this vast range in the horizontal direction, and in the vertical also, should have been noticed in the days before life was believed to exist at profound depths, by the advanced geologists of the school of Edward Forbes. When geologists found a kind of fossil in strata which had a very wide extent—for instance, in England and India—it was almost sure to be found in several consecutive deposits, and thus a proof was afforded that these widely dispersed forms of old lived long and persisted as their much later congeners do. But while some animals are thus widely diffused, others noticed in this and the former expeditions are restricted to definite localities. Their importance is, however, quite as great as that of those just mentioned; they form the special creatures of the distributional provinces of the naturalist, and the cause of their limitation comes within the province of the physical geographer. Moreover, these endemic forms are eagerly studied by those who interest themselves in the history of the latest geological ages, for it is by comparing the extinct and the existing faunas that something like an opinion may be offered regarding the last grand epoch of our globe. These considerations have evidently been always before the staff, and it is to be hoped that the work of describing and determining the *Challenger's* treasures will be put into the hands of those who will be also influenced by them. Some very curious forms of life which have no particular relation with the past have already been noticed by the staff, and very early in the cruise some very extraordinary crustacea were described. One, which apparently kept down at a considerable depth during the day and came up to the surface at night, was certainly one of the oddest of the odd among the eccentric crab tribe. Its head was nearly all eye, and each eye was composed of a host of lenses; there were not only five pairs of good legs attached to the body, but three pairs of false legs lower down; moreover, there were three pairs of branchiae or gills, and also appendages to the tail. It had two pairs of foot-jaws, and the whole was so transparent that the muscles, nerves and great internal organs could be readily distinguished. Another crustacean, more lobster-like than the other, was without eyes, but it maintained its singularity by having some structures which hitherto had only been found in two genera instead of one.

The two remarkable urchins which were dredged up in the *Porcupine* expedition, *Salenia* and *Pourtaleisia*—the one a remnant of the days of the chalk and the other a most unusual shape, with cre-

taceous tendencies—came up in the dredges of the *Challenger*, the last over a wide area. A great Hydroid as large as a young tree was fished up, and many sponges of exquisite beauty. Moreover, Globigerina, that kind of foraminifer whose shape is now so familiar to the most unscientific, turned out to have, under the careful examination of surface specimens, a beautiful spiny coat surrounding the holes through which the contractile and motile, yet structureless, protoplasm protrudes.

Of the details of the fish, reptiles, and of the botany little is known at present, and doubtless the geologists will soon hear the results of the examination of out-of-the-way places. But the composition, specific gravity, temperature, and movements of the sea, worked out as they have been with great care and skill, have been more or less before the public. In fact, ever since the *Challenger* started on December 21, 1872, up to her last week, meteorological and physical researches and observations were carried out by the thousand. The Atlantic was crossed and recrossed in the first year, so that including the return voyage home, that ocean has been traversed many times. The position of the particular deposits with regard to depth was settled early, and then the deepest Atlantic sounding was made, nearly ninety miles north of the Island of St. Thomas, in 3,875 fathoms. So great was the pressure of the water at this immense depth that the bulbs of the thermometers, which had been made to stand a pressure of nearly three tons, broke. This great depth, like all other great depths, was not remote from land, and was near a district famed for its former volcanic energy.

The *Challenger* had a refit at the Cape after her long voyages in the Atlantic, and Mr. Moseley, one of the naturalists, found there and examined a very remarkable insect, belonging to the Hundred-legs group, and the results of his work were published in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society. It has a remarkable defect in its construction, that of having a very important organ occasionally strangled by a kind of knot tying it. In the voyage to the Australian coast and thence to the regions of ice to the south, a vast collection of silicious shells of Diatoms and Rhizopoda was observed to cover the sea floor. Sketches of icebergs were taken, and then the expedition sought warmer latitudes.

After remaining some time in the Australian seas, and, it is to be hoped, obtaining abundant specimens of the marine fauna, the expedition left Port Nicholson in July, 1874, and sailed to New Zealand. Trawling in 1,100 fathoms with a bottom temperature of 2°C ., the floor being a greenish ooze, they brought up animals resembling those found at corresponding depths in other portions of the southern seas. Then proceeding northwards towards the Kermadec group, they fished up forms of living things having a general resemblance to what may be got from the same depth off Portugal or North Africa!! Then going by way of Tongatabu to the Fijis, they obtained a living specimen of the Pearly Nautilus, and observed its movements and attitudes. The reefs of the islands were well searched, and the natural history of the groups was examined. Prof. Wyville Thomson notices the depths between New Zealand and the group particularly, inasmuch as only two soundings were taken of depths greater than 1,000 fathoms. One gave a depth of 1,100 fathoms, and the second 2,900 fathoms, this last being 25°S . of the equator; the temperature in the first instance of the bottom water was 2°C ., and at the greater depth below freezing, or $0^{\circ}\cdot 5^{\circ}\text{C}$. Serial temperatures were taken also, and it was shown that the open Antarctic seas had the cold under-current and the warm surface, as in the case of the oceans to the north. A great similarity was observed in moderate depths in respect of the animal forms. After this the *Challenger* was in the neighbourhood of Torres Straits, and then the red clay was

got at a depth of 2,650 fathoms, and south of the equator, the temperature being very low on the floor.

The Melanesian Sea was visited, and then they proceeded across the Arafura Sea, with its shallow waters and dwarfed fauna. Then they shot Birds of Paradise, and a few days after dredged up those beautiful sea-lilies the Pentacrinus—the very luxury of a natural-history trip. Thence the *Challenger* wandered through the Celebes Sea to Zamboanga, and here Mr. Moseley made some most important observations on a kind of coral whose position in the recognised classification had been a matter of doubt. Finding this Heliopora, which greatly resembles some of the very oldest forms of life, to be not a true coral, but an Aleyonarian, he attempted to settle the knotty question regarding the nature of the millipores, but had to leave their consideration until better specimens were obtained. This is probably the most important part of the voyage to naturalists. After visiting Hong Kong, and proceeding to Japan, they got the greatest depths in the Pacific, 3,950 fathoms, with a bottom of red clay, about 5° east of Yeddo, and then they went due east and turned south to the Sandwich Islands. The dredge brought up many curious matters—for instance, large lumps of oxide of manganese, and sharks' teeth, and the ear-bones of whales—and the temperatures of the surface and of the bottom were as usual very different. Sailing across the ocean desert to Juan Fernandez and Valparaiso they passed through the Straits of Magellan on their homeward voyage.

One only of the scientific staff does not return, except in the memory of his fellow-labourers, but Von Willemöes-Suhm's name will last as long as science.

A great expedition has thus returned after having done its duty, and the country may well be proud of it. The consciousness of having participated in this will be no small reward to all who have served on board. It is to be hoped that a very decided recognition of the services of the scientific staff will enable the Government to depart from their usual neglect of giving rewards, social and others, to prominent scientific men. But it is of great importance to the public that a good, concise, and cheap work shall soon be placed before them on the subject of the Deep Sea; and to do this every attempt should be made to have the *Challenger* collections named and described forthwith.

P. M. DUNCAN.

THE LOAN COLLECTION OF SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS.

(Third Notice.)

Section I. Arithmetic.—In this section visitors will be chiefly interested in the calculating-machines, of which there is a series, beginning with that invented by Sir Samuel Morland in the seventeenth century, and designed for trigonometrical computations, and including Pascal's machine (date 1642), lent by the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers; the celebrated difference machine of the late Charles Babbage, F.R.S., left unfinished in 1833, and Cavendish's original counting-machine. Here also is Sir William Thomson's tide-calculating machine, which was exhibited and described at the last meeting of the British Association. With this instrument curves are drawn which predict the height of the tide at a given port for all times of the day and night, with as much accuracy as can be obtained by direct observation.

Section II. Geometry.—A number of pantographs—instruments for drawing any plane figure upon a different scale—are exhibited; they are chiefly of foreign construction. Among instruments for tracing special curves we may mention Dr. S. Zmurko's cycloidograph, an instrument for the practical description of cycloids; Mr. Perigal's geometric chuck, with diagrams of curves obtained by it; a beautiful apparatus invented and constructed by Mr. A. E. Donkin for compounding

two simple harmonic curves: in this instrument a glass pen moving backwards and forwards over a strip of paper wound round a cylinder draws one of the curves, and a similar motion of the cylinder in a parallel direction produces the other; since both move at once the curves are combined, and the result rendered visible by the motion of the cylinder. Here will be seen the very fine collection of models of ruled surfaces made by M. Fabre de Lagrange, in 1872, for the South Kensington Museum; a series of cardboard models of surfaces of the second order (the cone, the cylinder, the ellipsoid, the hyperboloids, and both the paraboloids) exhibited by Professor Henrici and by the Royal Polytechnic School at Munich.

Section III. Measurement.—The first thing to notice in this section is the interesting collection of standard measuring apparatus, contributed by the Standards Department of the Board of Trade. Of these several were used by Mr. Sheepshanks and Professor W. H. Miller, in the work of the Commission for the Restoration of the Imperial Standards, after the disastrous fire which destroyed the Houses of Parliament and the standards which were there deposited, in 1834. There is a comparing apparatus for end-standards of length, by which a difference of one ten-thousandth of an inch could be measured; an apparatus for determining the expansion by heat of the standard bars; a spherometer, for measuring the flexure of the middle of the glass disc placed upon the imperial standard bushel; one division of the micrometer of this instrument is equivalent to 0·0001 inch; but by a special artifice it could be made to measure accurately to 0·00001 of an inch. A gilt steelyard, the defining lines of the yard being traced upon gold studs sunk into holes cut in the bar, is an example of the original yard line measure. Standard end-measures are exhibited also. The collection of standard weights includes a one-pound avoirdupois weight of gun-metal coated with nickel, one of the numerous experimental standards constructed by the Commission above referred to; also British and metrical weights made of brass, gun-metal, iron, and glass. The Royal Society contribute Bird's and Shuckburgh's standard brass scales, and there is also a brass scale of forty-one inches divided into tenths, and of a metre divided into millimètres. This possesses some scientific interest, having been compared several times with Shuckburgh's scale by Capt. Kater. The Mayor and Corporation of Winchester have contributed their valuable collection of old standard measures. Among them is a set of standard weights of Edward III., and standard weights (both troy and avoirdupois) of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Joseph Whitworth exhibits his hexagonal surface plates, a standard screw gauge, standard difference gauges, a measuring apparatus graduated to measure one ten-thousandth of an inch, and, lastly, the instrument by which it is said a difference of one-millionth of an inch can be measured: in this instrument a "gravity piece" bounded by two true planes is introduced between the end of the piece to be measured and one of the end surfaces of the machine, and a motion of the screw of one-millionth of an inch determines whether the gravity piece shall be held by friction or fall by its own weight.

In this part of the collection we find, oddly enough, the apparatus used by Dr. Joule for measuring the mechanical equivalent of heat—the revolving electro-magnet used in 1843, the paddle wheel, and the friction disc apparatus.

Among the cathetometers is a useful form, with massive iron frame (one of the chief requisites in an instrument of this kind), made by Casella and contributed by Prof. Rücker, of the Yorkshire College of Science. Another, inferior in some respects, is sent from Gratz by Prof. H. Streintz. A cathetometer of an older type, with cylindrical brass column, but capable of very accurate measurements, will be found among the instruments contributed by the Standards Department.

Of balances there is a goodly array, some of the finest being contributed by Oertling; balances to weigh to '001 of a grain, with long beams and short beams, assay balances, a tangential balance for measuring the specific gravity of a liquid by the inclination of the beam, vacuum balances, a balance which formerly belonged to Dr. Priestley. The largest, in a case by itself, is sent by Prof. Rijke, of Leyden, and was constructed by Olland, of Utrecht. In a series of experiments made with this instrument with weights of fifty kilogrammes the numbers did not differ in the average by more than 0.5 milligramme. Two dynamometers sent by Prof. Hennessey indicate force in absolute measure. There is a considerable number of clocks, watches, chronometers, &c., which are interesting, some historically, and others as exhibiting the latest developments of mechanical skill in this department. A clepsydral escapement for a clock, by Prof. W. H. Miller, will attract attention; the pendulum motion is maintained by the transference of a drop of water from a higher to a lower level at every vibration.

Section IV. Kinematics, Statics, and Dynamics.—From Leyden is a collection of apparatus used by Gravesande for demonstrating the laws of falling bodies, the theory of the wedge, &c. Of instruments for illustrating wave motion and the composition of vibrations we may notice the following:—Wheatstone's apparatus, showing plane, circular, and elliptic waves, the phenomena of interference, &c.; an ingenious contrivance, by Mr. C. J. Woodward, for producing wave-motion; a pendulum apparatus for the graphic representation of the combination of rectangular vibrations, sent by the Physical Science Institute of the University of Halle; in this instrument two pendulums vibrate in planes at right angles to each other, a pen being attached to the upper part of one, while the other carries a platform on which is stretched a sheet of paper; when both pendulums are swinging, the curves traced on the paper partake of the motion of both. With this instrument may be compared that devised by Mr. Tisley for the same purpose. In the latter (which is by far the simpler of the two) the tracing pen is connected at once with the upper parts of both pendulums, while the paper on which the curves are drawn is stationary. Some exquisitely beautiful curves, drawn in this way, accompany the instrument. There are various machines for the experimental demonstration of the laws of falling bodies. One of these is Morin's apparatus, in which the downward motion of a weight carrying a pencil was combined with the horizontal motion of the paper with which the pencil was pressed in contact. Another is an Atwood's machine, lent by the Council of the Yorkshire College of Science, in which the time of fall is measured by a water clock, the orifice of which can be opened or closed by an electro-magnetic arrangement. A description and explanation of the extensive collection of kinematic models exhibited by the Royal Technical Academy of Berlin will be found in Prof. Kennedy's translation of Reuleaux's *Theoretische Kinematik*.

Section V. Molecular Physics.—Under this head will be found included air-pumps and pneumatic apparatus. Of these the most interesting is the original air-pump of Otto von Guericke and the two famous Magdeburg hemispheres; they are in a glass-case close by the south entrance to the upper west gallery, and are accompanied by a copy of von Guericke's book, *Experimenta nova (ut vocantur Magdeburgica) de vacuo Spatio* (1672). Other air-pumps of historical interest are, one by Van Musschenbroek from Cassel, and one of the Abbé Nollet from the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. The gradual improvements made in the air-pump are illustrated by diagrams of Torricelli's vacuum, von Guericke's pump, Hawksbee's, Boyle's, &c. Among the modern pumps is a good one by Spencer & Son, of Dublin, lent by Prof. W. F. Barrett. There are various modifications of Sprengel's mercurial pump. Close by will be

seen the original machine used by Thilorier for liquefying carbonic acid, Papin's compression engine, and the apparatus used by Dr. Andrews in his researches on the continuity of the liquid and gaseous states of matter.

Section VI. Sound.—Directly opposite the air-pumps will be seen the musical and acoustical instruments. Here is the enharmonic harmonium of Mr. R. H. M. Bosanquet, with its bewildering keyboard, tuned according to the division of the octave into fifty-three equal intervals; various other harmoniums designed with special objects; and a collection of musical instruments, interesting scientifically as well as musically, contributed by Dr. Stone. Perronet Thompson's enharmonic organ stands at the top of the staircase as you enter the gallery. Close by is Mr. Baillie Hamilton's stand of apparatus illustrating the progress of aeolian principles; a set of Mr. Francis Galton's whistles for testing the limits of the power of men and animals of hearing very shrill notes, each tube having a scale attached by which its length can be measured when the shrill sound becomes inaudible; an apparatus for determining the inferior limit of audibility; Tyndall's apparatus for showing the reflection of sound by vapours and heated air; models of Egyptian pipes, the originals of which, found in Egyptian tombs, are now preserved in the British Museum; several examples of Helmholtz's double siren; and the spoon-shaped apparatus used by Colladon in 1826 for investigating by direct measurement the velocity of the transmission of sound in water.

Section VII. Light.—Here is the reflecting stereoscope of Wheatstone; also Wheatstone's wave-machine, the object of which is to exhibit the results of the interference of polarised light; Becquerel's phosphorescope; and one of the earliest of Brewster's kaleidoscopes. Of spectroscopes there is a great variety, of which we may mention the following:—Spectroscope by the Rev. N. Brady, in which prisms are cemented to the object-glasses of the telescope and collimator; one by Browning with six prisms through which the light may pass four times by three successive reflections; another by Mr. Brady with special arrangement for diffraction spectra; direct vision and pocket spectroscopes; spectrometers and goniometers from Göttingen; and the universal instrument constructed by Lutz of Paris for almost any investigation connected with the reflection and refraction of light. The subject of polarisation is well illustrated. There are polariscopes with Nicol's prisms and on Norremberg's plan; Jellet's saccharimeter; De la Rive's apparatus for measuring the magnetic rotatory polarisation of liquids; polariscope for projection with a pair of large Nicols, used by Dr. Tyndall in America, and contributed by Mr. Spottiswoode, to whom is due also another very large Nicol; and Wheatstone's polar clock, in which the hour angle of the sun, and consequently the local time, is approximately determined by observing the plane of polarisation of the light from the sky. A diffraction bench of Jamin is here, and the improved form designed by Prof. Clifton; also a set of Nobert's gratings, glass plates having a large number of very fine lines ruled upon them, for the production of diffraction spectra. The detached cases contain a good collection of prisms and lenses of crown and flint glass, quartz, and Iceland spar; glass cells and prisms for liquids; two large spheres of Iceland spar, contributed respectively by Mr. Spottiswoode and Prof. Maskelyne; Nicol's prisms, double image prisms, and Rochon's prisms. Lastly, we must not forget to mention the apparatus used for the direct determination of the velocity of light; the rotating mirror and clockwork of Foucault, the toothed wheel and telescopes of Fizeau's method, and the rotating mirror and reflecting mirrors used quite recently for the same object by M. Cornu.

A. W. REINOLD.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, May 18.)

DR. HOOKER, C.B., President, in the Chair. The following papers were read: "On the Polarisation of Light by Crystals of Iodine," "Absorption Spectra of Iodine," by Sir John Conroy; "On Picro-rocellin," by Dr. Stenhouse and C. E. Groves; "Note on a Simultaneous Disturbance of the Barometer and of the Magnetic Needle," by the Rev. S. J. Perry; "On the Organisation of the Fossil Plants of the Coal Measures; Part VIII. Ferns continued, and Gymnospermous Stems and Seeds," by Prof. A. W. Williamson; "Observations on Stratified Discharges by means of a revolving Mirror," by W. Spottiswoode.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, May 24.)

SIR S. M. COLQUHOUN, Q.C., in the Chair. The Rev. J. Long read a paper on "Russian Proverbs as Illustrative of Russian Life and Manners." The paper dwelt on the importance of Russian proverbs as a department of literature picturing the inner life and feelings of the people of Russia, especially of women and peasants. While history dwells on nobles and czars, proverbs reveal the household life and opinions—and especially of the Slav race, who, after the oppression of centuries, are coming to the front in Europe, 80,000,000 in number; they are semi-Oriental, a link between the East and West. Illustrations were given by Russian proverbs of the views of the people regarding Germans, Greeks, landlords, women, tea-drinking, soldiers, corrupt officials, monks, &c. In point and sarcasm the Russian proverbs are equal to any European ones, while in their Oriental ring they give out the peculiarities of the Slav character, as was shown by examples.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—(Saturday, May 27.)

PROF. GLADSTONE, Vice-President, in the Chair. Mr. W. Ackroyd read a paper on "Selective Absorption." Two typical experiments were shown upon which a division of selective absorption may be based. In the first, light is transmitted through bichromate of potash at the normal temperature, and again at about 200° C., and the spectrum of the transmitted light is examined. The widening of the absorption-bands, which takes place at the higher temperature, is traced to structural alterations. In the second experiment, light is sent through two thicknesses of the same coloured solution, as, for example, sulphate of copper, and in the greater thickness the absorption-band has widened out, but this is plainly not owing to any structural alteration. That in the first experiment he proposes to term *structural*, and that in the second *transverse* absorption, and he considers that these two kinds have not hitherto been sufficiently distinguished. Certain colour relations which exist among anhydrous binary compounds led the author to the conclusion that the width of a structural absorption-band bears a direct relation to interatomic distance. The necessity for separating high-temperature spectra from low was shown, and the bearing of the subject on the study of organic colouring-matters briefly alluded to.

The Secretary then read a communication from the Rev. R. Abbay on certain remarkable atmospheric phenomena in Ceylon. The most striking of these is witnessed from the summit of Adam's Peak, which is a mountain rising extremely abruptly from the low country to an elevation of 7,200 feet above the sea. The phenomenon referred to is seen at sunrise, and consists, apparently, of an elongated shadow of the mountain projecting westward to a distance of about seventy miles. As the sun rises higher it rapidly approaches the mountain, and appears at the same time to rise before the observer in the form of a gigantic pyramid of shadow. Distant objects may be seen through it, so that it is not really a shadow on the land, but a veil of darkness between the peak and the low country. It continues to rapidly approach and rise until it seems to fall back upon the observer like a ladder which has been reared beyond the vertical, and the next instant it is gone. Mr. Abbay suggests the following explanation of the phenomenon: The average temperature at night in the low country during the dry season is between 70° and 80° F., and that at the summit of the peak is 30° or 40° F.; consequently the low strata of air are much

the less dense, and an almost horizontal ray of light passing over the summit must be refracted upwards and suffer total internal reflexion, as in ordinary mirage. On this supposition the veil must become more and more vertical as the rays fall less horizontally, and this will continue until they reach the critical angle, when total internal reflexion ceases and it suddenly disappears. Its apparent tilting over on the spectator is probably an illusion produced by the rapid approach and the rising of the dark veil, without any gradual disappearance which can be watched and estimated. It will be evident that the illumination of the innumerable particles floating in the atmosphere causes the aerial shadow to be visible by contrast. Another interesting phenomenon visible in the mountain districts admits of an equally simple explanation. At times broad beams, apparently of bluish light, may be seen extending from the zenith downwards, converging as they approach the horizon. The spaces between them have the ordinary illumination of the rest of the sky. If we suppose, as is frequently the case, that the lower strata of air are colder than the upper, the reflexion spoken of in the case of Adam's Peak will be downwards instead of upwards. If several isolated masses of clouds partially obscure the sun, we may have several corresponding inverted veils of darkness like blue rays in the sky, all apparently converging towards the same point below the horizon. This latter phenomenon is called by the natives "Buddha's Rays."

Prof. Forel, of Morges, Switzerland, then gave, in French, an account of some interesting experiments which he has recently made on the periodic waves which take place on the Swiss lakes and are there called "Seiches." It was long since observed that the waters of most of these lakes are subject to a more or less regular rise and fall, which at times have been found to be as much as one or two metres. M. Forel has studied this phenomenon in nine different lakes, and finds that it varies with the length and depth of the lake, and that the waves are in every way analogous to those already studied by Prof. Guthrie in artificial troughs, and follow the laws which he has deduced from his experiments. Most of the experiments in Switzerland were made on the Lake of Geneva, but that of Neuchâtel was found to be best fitted for the study of the subject, possessing, as it does, an extremely regular geometric form. The apparatus he employed was very sensitive to the motion of the water, being capable of registering the waves caused by a steam-boat half an hour after it had passed, and five minutes before its arrival; and was so constructed as to eliminate the effect of common waves, and to register the motion, side by side, with a record of the state of the barometer, on paper kept in continuous motion. While he found the duration of waves to be ten minutes at Morges it was seventy minutes at Geneva, and this is explained by the narrowness of the neck of the lake at the latter place. This period he proved to be independent of the amplitude, and to be least in the shortest lakes. For shallow lakes the period is lengthened; and his observations show that the period is a function of the length and depth, and that longitudinal and transverse waves may co-exist, just as Prof. Guthrie has shown to be the case in troughs.

FINE ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Fourth and Concluding Notice.)

Animal Pictures.—We spoke, before the Exhibition opened, of one picture in this section, *God's Covenant with Noah*, by Mr. Heywood Hardy; and this turns out to be the principal work of its class in the Gallery. *Mares and Foals*, Picardy, by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, is an able performance, large in dimensions, highly competent, yet not distinguished by any very special quality of fine art. *A Stern Chase is always a Long Chase*, by Mr. Rivière, represents, on the scale of life-size, a drake and four white ducks pursuing a frog, which one of the ducks is in the act of gobbling: this is well done, true in action and expression, but to paint so trivial a subject on so big a canvas seems trifling with the gravity of life-size. Mrs. Ward's *Ugly Duckling* (from Andersen's famous apologue) is far more interesting, and in humour and viva-

city hits the mark most capitally. Mr. Smallfield has a well-invented subject and approveable painting, *Aesop at School*—the young slave Aesop (a good-looking sprightly stripling, not the hump-backed eyesore of tradition), watching the actions of some foxes chained in his master's vineyard to scare lesser vermin from the ripening grapes, gathers suggestions for his Fables. We may mention also—E. Douglas, *Alderneys*; Couldery, *An Old Poacher* (tabby cat and kittens disposing of a pigeon on the basement floor of a house); Caldecott, "There were three Ravens sat on a Tree," sufficiently well-felt in its ominous subject-matter; Frost, *Little, a pet Dog, painted 1835*; Lewis, *On the Banks of the Nile, Upper Egypt*, a group of dromedaries.

Water-Colours.—Mrs. Stillman owes small thanks to Royal Academicians: they persist in supposing that she is "Miss M. S. Stillman," and in hanging her handiwork at an invidious elevation. Still, they cannot prevent the "seeing eye" from discerning that, in her *Last Sight of Fiammetta*, she has produced one of the genuinely fine works of colour in the exhibition—warm, soft, pure flesh-tints, admirably supported by the general colour-scheme, the copper-yellow hair garlanded with red and pink roses, the charmingly-painted mandoline, the embowering foliage. The face is as frank and natural as it is glowing in youthful freshness; intense also, and poetical in character. We question whether it was judicious to paint a flame flickering above Fiammetta, in literal accord with the words of the couplet quoted after Boccaccio—
"Above her garland and her golden hair
I saw a flame about Fiammetta's head."

Another excellent work in the Water-colour Room is *Off Spurn Head*, by Mr. Sheffield; a large picture of grey sea with blackish sky, really elevated in quality. Mr. Buckman displays, as he did last year, a so-called "Decorative Treatment of Modern Subject"—*Military Sports, a Tug of War, Army and Navy*. It is a clever piece of work, with plenty of well-observed action fittingly massed together, but we doubt whether it is in any exceptional sense "decorative."

The water-colour collection is by no means a bad one for such visitors as will be at the pains of looking into it deliberately; it may be feared, however, that these are comparatively few, and the critic may be excusable if he also gets rapidly over the ground. We observe laudable works by Messrs. Holiday, Caffieri, Wratislaw, Bale, Sherrin, Croft, T. H. Jones, H. Bright (*Friends in Adversity*, a companion to a bird-picture of which we spoke admiringly when it was displayed at a recent exhibition in Suffolk Street), J. O. Long, Rigby, J. W. Smith, Thomas Wade (*Autumn*, with ploughed field, farm, and windmill), Best, Snape, Hough, E. S. Dalziel, Bearne, J. Macbeth, Sandercock, Silburn, G. Wilson, W. Ward, R. W. Fraser, Pilsbury, H. Wilkinson, D. Law, and Sparkes, Mrs. Angell, and Misses M. Walker, B. G. Patmore (a very pretty, minute, and tender little study of mosses, &c.), C. Phillott, and A. Squire.

Crayons.—Mr. Sandys comes in the front line, as usual, in this class of design, with his portrait of Mrs. Charles A. Howell—exactly finished, and with marked character as well as draughtsmanship. Miss E. G. Hill, Lady Coleridge, Mr. Lancaster, and Mr. McCulloch (a portrait in pencil), are also to be noted.

Etchings and Engravings.—With such etchers as Rajon, Pilotell, Tissot, and some others, this department is by no means wanting in interest. The most salient example is that of Tissot, *Quarrelling*—two young lovers in that same old-fashioned garden-colonnade which he has represented in his picture of *A Convalescent*. This, besides being ingenious and pleasant in arrangement, is exceptionally soft, rich, and brilliant, in handling. The portrait of W. Sole, Esq., after Oudens, and *The Armourer, after Fabri*, are fine specimens of Rajon; and the portrait of Pilotell most skilful, though a little outré—Mr. Plim-

soll, Mr. Disraeli, and *The Countess of Dudley*; even so graciously moulded a face as the last-named comes out quaint under the hand of Mr. Pilotell. Mr. Probert's *Interior of San Zenone, Verona*; Mr. L. B. Phillips's *Quai St. Thomas, Strassburg*; Mrs. Westlake's *Alum Bay*; Mr. Richeton's *Heads of Angels after Reynolds*; Mr. Sherborn's *Thames at Battersea*; are all noticeable etchings. Mr. Atkinson's engraving of *Vanessa, after Millais*, does not appear to us quite satisfactory—the very masterly treatment of the patterned drapery being reduced to comparative commonplace. The expression of the face is rightly preserved, but its lines are made somewhat heavier.

Architecture.—This strikes us as a decidedly meagre display. We may specify—Waterhouse, *Natural-History Museum, South Kensington, now in course of erection*, elaborate but not effective, the combination of larger and smaller masses not producing any adequate impression of contrast or subordination; Aitchison, *Decoration of Large Drawing-room, 52 Prince's Gate*, and other companion-subjects; E. C. N. Blake, *Design submitted for the Bettsworth Road Schools, Ryde*; Fowler, *New National Opera House, perspective view*—for which the right epithet appears to be "pretentious," unless one were to substitute "ugly."

Sculpture.—In first speaking of this Academy Exhibition, we said it would be remembered as containing Millais's landscape, Leighton's Greek procession, Poynter's *Atalanta*, and *The Widow* by Fildes. We should not so far have left the sculpture out of account as to omit to add the *Valour and Cowardice* of the late Alfred Stevens, which is indeed the most memorable work of the year, an effort, unprecedented in British sculpture, of bold, mighty-moulded, unconstrained designing faculty—unconstrained save by a powerful and most highly cultured sense of art. Mr. Stevens is well known to have been the most fastidious of artists—self-correcting, self-tormenting, and a perpetual disappointment and exasperation to parliamentary and governmental committees; but no one would suppose so on seeing this outcome of his long hesitations and postponements. It is hope deferred, but at any rate, after all, hope splendidly realised and ratified. This looks like a work of inspiration and energetic zeal, rather than of severe and perplexed lucubrations; so vigorously imagined, so strongly wielded, so vitally fashioned. It comes nearer to the great mode of Michelangelo in the sculptures of the Medicean Chapel than any later work which we could specify—certainly than any work by a British master. This noble composition is "a group in bronze for the national Wellington monument, St. Paul's Cathedral," and has been cast by Messrs. Young and Co., of London. *Valour* is a grand-framed woman, holding her shield and club, her shoulders clad in a lion's hide, which culminates as a helm over her head, and throws her face into a superb darkness. *Cowardice* is a nude man, athletic and full-fleshed, without the wiry muscular development which comes of exertion. Cowering below the feet of the other personage, with bristling hair he huddles, bent double from the hip-joint, under a huge round shield similar to that of *Valour*: that which serves her for defence and repulsion serves him for ignominious lurking concealment. A human snail, he retreats into his shell. All this is seriously and excellently thought out, and, combined with its powerful sweep of execution, makes up a work of a truly monumental order. The *Reclining Figure in Bronze of the Duke of Wellington*, by the same sculptor, is also in the Gallery: it possesses repose without meagre stiffness, and will, we have no doubt, show aright in its appointed place; in the Academy it lies rather too high for exact appreciation. Another work of advanced art and unusual vigour is Mr. Woolner's *Model for a Bronze Statue of Lord Lawrence, late Viceroy of India, erected in front of Government House, Calcutta*. Large in quality no less than in mere size, this statue has a very imposing effect. The

keynote of its expression is preparedness—vigilance that forecasts and awaits, free from tentative uncertainty beforehand, and from vacillation when the moment comes. The same artist has several other interesting and excellent works:—*Achilles and Pallas Shouting from the Trenches*, marble bas-relief, diploma-work, a design which had been displayed before, and which is always seen with pleasure, in virtue of its vigorous concentration and superiority to any frittering or commonplace. The bust of *The late Canon Kingsley*, for Westminster Abbey, shows with great force the singular, piercing, but rather hard and aggressive, physiognomy of the deceased writer; a little more full and massive than seems to us consistent with entire resemblance. In this respect, another bust of *Kingsley*, by Mr. Belt, for Chester Cathedral, recalls his aspect more precisely to our eyes. Mr. Woolner's bust of *The late Professor Key*, for University College, looks well in front; at the side the lines of the face are not suited for sculpture, but this is no fault of the artist's. *Alfred Tennyson* is an admirable bust of one of the illustrious who had been made (not to speak slightly) Mr. Woolner's sculptural property years ago: the noble facial line and fine features, the onward look which, as age advances, seems almost as much that of a seer or apostle as of a poet, the rich beard, and hair still long and abundant, are given with the full force of truth and of art in conjunction. There is something even to remind us of the traditional bust of Homer, though that shows and emphasises the deep-ploughed traces of age far more than this likeness of Mr. Tennyson. A similar suggestion arises quite as markedly from the other bust of the Laureate, wrought by Mr. Crittenden; which might pass muster fairly enough, but for being overweighted by the competition with Mr. Woolner's. A third highly conspicuous exhibitor is Mr. Boehm, with his *St. George and the Dragon*: this is spirited in composition and action, and could only have been done by a man of uncommon gift and knowledge; it does not, nevertheless, produce on us any very marked impression as being essentially above the accepted treatment of such subjects. *Little Harry, the Princess Maude of Wales* (with a kitten), is a charming group by this sculptor; and the bust of *Sir Henry Cole* (for the Cole Testimonial) very able, though tending perchance towards the grotesque. We cannot too strongly commend the exquisite terra-cotta group by Dalou, *Bouloises à l'Eglise*, an elderly woman and a young one seated side by side, delightfully simple, yet missing no appropriate refinement of art. *La Berceuse*, by the same artist, is a more important work, being in marble and of life-size, and is hardly less satisfying. M. Dalou succeeds in giving a sort of personal character to his figures, in this and other instances: here his gentle young mother chanting her baby to sleep is something more than a mere sculptural specimen of maternity—she would be a lively and pleasant lady in social life.

The following are among the more noticeable of the remaining works:—Simonds, *Eros*, superior in thought and presentment to the mere common-places of the subject. Armstead, *Religion* (designed for execution in bronze, to be placed on a fountain for King's College, Cambridge). She holds a book, and thereon a model of the College Chapel. We cannot profess to find much interest in this work, gifted as is the hand it comes from. Thornycroft, *A Warrior bearing a wounded Youth from the Battle*, may be compared to its advantage with another work on a similar theme by Mr. Webber. Count d'Epinau, *The Spartan Boy*, the famous old story of the boy with the gnawing fox—interesting. Prehn, *A Group of Polar Bears*. Wolf, *A Wild Boar*, and *A Bear*; as good, or nearly so, as the water-colours or oil-pictures of this admirable student of animal life—excellent in solidity and texture of surface. T. E. Harrison, *Design for a Knife-rest*, a statuette of a man, of very superior design and art. Glassby, *Medusa leaving the Temple*. R. G. Arnold, *St. George and the Dragon*,

Panel for Door, Bronze, unhackneyed in arrangement. Also the undermentioned busts:—Armstead, *Miss Florence Boyce*; MacLean, *An Old Lady*; Miss H. S. Montalba, *The late Richard Burchett* (for the memorial to be erected in the South Kensington Art-Schools), a recognisable but rather inflated likeness; Leifchild, *Jane, Daughter of J. Alexander, Esq.* (posthumous), *J. Bryce, Esq.*, and *Mrs. W. Dawson*, a head full of earnest refinement; Count Gleichen, *Garibaldi*, a valuable and fine record of the incomparable hero. Mr. G. Morgan contributes medallions of *Carlyle* and of *David Cox*: the former being the one of which a gold impression was presented to the great writer on his recent eightieth birthday; the latter being a model for the Art Union medal—very like Cox, but likeness in this case is not felicitous for sculptural purposes, as the renowned water-colourist's visage was not unlike that of the comedian Liston in general type.

And herewith we bid adieu to the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1876.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

THE SALON OF 1876.

(Fourth and Concluding Notice.)

WHILE the painters of *genre* seem more and more inclined to seek for the most startling and unforeseen combinations, the landscape-painters, on the other hand, show for the most part a marked preference for effects of subdued and quiet colour. *Un verger*, by M. Daubigny père, with its full deep green, and deep blue sky flecked with white clouds, strikes a positive note which finds but little response elsewhere. *Une ferme en Bannalec (Finistère)*, by M. Bernier, is comparatively sober. Cattle and horses are slowly moving home beneath the deepening shadows of tall trees; betwixt the branches is seen a passing effect of sunset, not gorgeous, pale yellow fainting off into dull blue, streaked with floating grey clouds; all is still: even the gleaming light on the pool in the foreground is hushed and quiet. The large picture *Une coupe de bois à Sentisse (Seine et Oise)*, by M. Pelouse, in spite of rose clouds spotting the blue sky of a spring evening, is sombre in general intention. The woodman is working near the edge of the forest; his faggot lies near, among fragments of broken branches and short tufts of stunted grass and underwood; the bright trunk of a birch tree still standing shines on the right; and beyond the cleared space immediately about we see through the tall trunks and the fretted network of branches streaks of pale blue slanting and deepening downwards into the golden light and gleaming purple of the sunset. Everything here is made out with the most rigorous and delicate conscientiousness. It is a completed study full of exact appreciation of fact carried into every detail. But this kind of work both in sentiment and in treatment stands somewhat aloof from the tendencies which seem at this moment predominant. As a rule, the selection of passages which may be said to be in a minor key of colour and tone is accompanied by an evident inclination to generalise rather broadly. Two Belgian painters, M. Denduyts and M. Gabriel, M. Rossano (a Neapolitan), and M. Bouché are noteworthy examples. M. Denduyts in *En Flandre: crépuscule*, and in *Effet de neige*, scarcely passes out of monochrome, but it is monochrome handled with the utmost delicacy of refined gradations, so that we get from it almost the beauty and infiniteness of colour. *L'approche de la pluie; vue du lac d'Abcoude (Pays-Bas)*, by M. Gabriel, is less peculiar in manner, is a more direct interpretation of nature, and therefore likely to be the more generally appreciated. In front spreads a great sheet of quiet water, grey and still, just pierced at capricious intervals by the points of rushes. On the damp green brink to the left stands a cottage near to the weir which connects the two banks enclosing the water on either side. A few trees

near the cottage show their outline half distinct against the pale-grey sky, mottled from end to end with rain-clouds. The instinct of choice is the same again in M. Rossano's *Les premiers bourgeons*, which is distinguished by a chill and exquisite delicacy. He gives not the fresh and lively burst of foliage quickening under the shining sun, but the preliminary moment—the moment when the sky is grey and clear, and the waters beneath are cold, when the willow buds are scarcely opened, and the pale-pink blossoms of the many-flowered almond just flush with colour against the black and silver of the weird and shadowy birch. M. Bouché, though he seems to work in the same direction, is stronger; *La pluie* has not the evanescent charm of *Les premiers bourgeons*, nor the tremulous modulations of M. Gabriel's *Lac d'Abcoude*, but it is more distinctly intelligible, clear and plain. The rain is actually descending. It pours sweeping downwards from the high heavens with irresistible force. The long perpendicular lines are strongly accented; they fall with one grey and impetuous rush to the earth. Up the centre of the canvas runs the interminable straight road with its bordering rows of poplars ascending upwards high into the sky. Beneath the dripping branches a woman and child make their way wearily onwards, struggling towards the distant village, which shows afar off at the end of the long avenue.

Among the drawings and engravings which line the galleries, besides the water-colours by M. Moreau, and the designs by M. Laurens, which have been already mentioned, are one or two things specially good. *La sortie du bain—aquarelle*, by M. Pollet, is a perfectly lovely, truthful drawing from the nude, a drawing perfect in the delicacy of its absolute truth, and painted with that charm of exquisitely skilful touch peculiar to M. Pollet; a touch which looks facile and simple—but this facility and this simplicity are the outcome of knowledge and craft consummated by sixty years of labour and learning. The beauty of the head leaves something to be desired: it is inferior in charm and expression to the rest of the figure; but, then, M. Pollet will change nothing in his model. *La sortie du bain* is a portrait, but a portrait the perfect good faith of which does not exclude perfect good taste. M. Lançon's pen-and-ink drawings, *Paysages du Jura* and *Lions, tigre, ours, singes*, are brilliant and masterly. The bear on his hind legs, snouting at some grapes, is full of character. M. Brion sends two charcoal sketches, *Lantenac* and *Radoub*, intended illustrations for *Quatre-vingt-treize*. M. Mols has an etching of his great picture, *Anvers* in 1875, which is exhibited in the Salon, and is destined for the Hotel de Ville at Antwerp. The picture has great merits of light and air, but wants something of the brilliant pictorial effect which M. Mols has conveyed in his etching. The *quais* stretch before us in one long level line, dominated in the centre by the tall cathedral spire; in the foreground the shipping ranged in three great groups tells the story of the city's commerce, of her industry, of her prosperity. The little etching is full of attractive colour and effect, but it is possible that the clear, light, high, unaccented key in which the painting is pitched is intentional, and that M. Mols has considered it preferable for a work which ought doubtless to have more or less of a decorative character. A pen-and-ink drawing by M. Bilco cleverly interprets *Attaque par le feu d'une maison barricadée et crénelée*, a picture exhibited last year by M. de Neuville. M. Gaillard's *Une gravure au burin: Le crépuscule d'après Michel Ange* is the very finest conceivable rendering of the subject, in which nothing either of form or sentiment seems to have been missed. M. Chauvel is very strong. Of the three *eaux-fortes* which he contributes his *Paysage d'après Corot* is the most remarkable. All the indications of structure which might easily escape a superficial observer in Corot have been seized with delicacy

and precision. It is a master's reading of a master. M. Massard has an engraving of Bonnat's celebrated *Christ on the Cross*, and also a portrait of M. Bonnat. In both the colour obtained is full and rich, but the handling of the burin is mannered and unpleasant. M. Robert's frame of illustrations for the *Monde Illustré* also show very rich colour, and M. Courty's portraits of MM. Duban and Labrousse are intelligent and spirited.

Some remarkable reproductions of mural paintings of the tenth century are executed by M. Lameire for the *Archives et Publications de la Commission des Monuments Historiques*, and figure among the architectural drawings. These paintings still decorate the church of S. Loup-de-Naud (Seine et Marne). The richness of their general effect contrasts with the extreme simplicity of the means employed. The figures are almost wholly put in in a tone of dull Indian red, which in faint passages all but runs into the tone of the stone-work which forms the ground, and here and there the work is skilfully enhanced by sparing touches of blue. No scheme could be better calculated for the decoration of large buildings where great simplicity and sobriety of general effect is desired.

Two figures by M. Paul Dubois have deservedly attracted very great attention among the sculptured exhibited this year. *Le Courage militaire* and *La Charité* are destined to form part of a monument to be erected at Nantes to General de La Moricière. *Le Courage militaire* is personified by a young soldier in helmet and cuirass. The general treatment of this figure—the costume, and still more the general aspect of the head, the look of the eyes from beneath the projecting casque, recall at once the manner of Michel Angelo, and specially the statue of the Medici Chapel. The head, too, of *La Charité* looks like an almost direct impression from a Florentine ideal, and is of a type distinctly different from that indicated by the character of the extremities and by the general build of the rest of the figure. The heavy draperies also recall us to the thick stuffs and simple forms of every-day rustic life. The figure seems half-peasant, half-Madonna, and if the head reminds us of Michel Angelo, the pose, the general treatment, the folding of the draperies, the very embrace of the babies curling in her lap, challenge comparison with well-known work by Dalou. We see *La Charité* thus at a double disadvantage, and yet it is impossible not to acknowledge the charm of its sentiment and the distinction of its purpose. This same accent of great distinction is common also to *Le Courage*, and in *Le Courage* as in *La Charité* the modelling of parts shows an exquisite delicacy of touch, the *méplats* are finely felt throughout, and made to give the value of half tones with a curiously pictorial intention. The work is full of colour; the very selection of forms, the play of the rounded curves in the bare arms of *La Charité*, the depression of the over-long, tapering, flexible fingers, the breaks in the folds of the dress beneath the pressure of the little feet—all these things show the same instinctive direction. One sees why M. Dubois must like to paint.

The colossal figure by M. Christophe, described by M. Burty as *La Comédie humaine*, figures under the name of *Le Masque*. Here, too, the pose recalls Michel Angelo; on seeing the writhe backwards of this enormous woman one is inevitably reminded of the anguish of his great *Slaves*. The general intention does not lack nobility, but, as a whole, *Le Masque* cannot be said to be an effective work. She stands planted firmly on the right leg, and lifts to her face a mask held in her left hand, while with her right she grips a serpent which has fastened below her breast. On the left side we see only the smiling mask, and not the head which agonises behind it, and this mask is not of sufficient importance and size to crown with adequate dignity the bulky forms beneath. The proportions, too, in general are broad and short, so that the bust has a

look of squatness; but the figure owes the loss of the impression for which it has evidently been calculated rather to another and a very different defect. It is possible that the light may be very unfavourable, and that in another position we should see *Le Masque* quite differently; as it now stands it certainly seems that, while infinite labour and devotion has been spent upon the surface modelling, the larger forms, taken as a whole, have not been sufficiently accentuated—not accentuated duly in relation to the colossal size of the figure. The consequence is that even where passages are full of the most lovely undulations the lines which enclose them look empty, that which should seem great seems heavy. In saying even thus much, it must be borne in mind that *Le Masque* is the outcome of a high and serious ambition, the offspring of aims unknown to the most of men, and that, if it is a failure, it is at least a noble failure.

L'Amazone blessée, by M. Leroux, falls backwards wounded by a javelin, which has entered the right breast. Her left arm is dragged to the ground behind her by the weight of the buckler, her right is actually propped upon the broken shaft to which she owes her death. The attitude is almost ludicrously impossible, and the inward clinging of the right leg, turning in an inverse sense to that of the left, on which she still seems to stand, has also a somewhat false and ridiculous look, although it helps perhaps the character of the momentary falling movement which M. Leroux has unwisely attempted. Yet the figure has a certain elegance and grace, and a morbidness which charms the eye. M. Leroux's second work, *Mme. K.*, a recumbent portrait-statue destined for a tomb, is far more complete in its way. The figure is closely draped, the right arm only is exposed, the left is covered, lying lightly across the breast, the head turns towards the right, and the expression of the features is in delicate harmony with the peace of the whole attitude—every line breathes the quiet without the rigidity of death. *La statue de Pygmalion*, by M. Aubé, is noticeable for the extreme refinement of the intention in every respect, and also for a certain look of originality and purpose which arrests attention. The half-aroused, not quite awake, uncertain movement of Galatea's extended arms is very well found. The forms throughout are rather poor in choice, the arms especially being miserably thin; the lower limbs are better. There is nothing attractive about *La statue de Pygmalion*, but the work looks as if there were something real in it. *Eros*, by M. Coutan, on the other hand, is very attractive. The light figure just touches the surface of a globe (on which two doves are closely nestling) with his left foot. The long sweeping curve of the bow at his back follow gracefully the lines of the figure; he lifts his left arm and draws from the quiver at his back the deadly arrow. *Eros* is a very pretty bit of clever and lively decorative work.

The great statue of Lamartine, by M. Falguière, is an ugly failure. The vast riding-cloak in which he has chosen to envelope his subject is contorted after the most fantastic fashion, its unwieldy folds are wildly intermixed with the wiry branches of a capricious laurel-tree which springs out of the earth at Lamartine's heels, and climbs painfully up his back. The whole figure has an air of theatrical energy and artificiality. A pupil of M. Falguière's, Hector Lemaire, makes a careful effort in *Le bain* to treat with dignity an episode of everyday life. The young mother is about to wash her baby in a bath at her feet, and the child shrinks as he slides down her lap towards it. The intention has merit, but the execution is insufficient. In his little bust of a child, *Mlle. Marie T.*, M. Lemaire makes much more of a success. The shaping of the fluent childish contours, and the modelling of the round forms, is very lightly felt.

One of the best busts of women which the Salon can show is that of the actress Mme. Eugénie Doche, by M. Delaplanche. In giving its full

value to the remarkable and feminine beauty of the head, the sculptor has retained every sign of life and character, every little indication of individual strain and temper. The most remarkable study of a man's head is undoubtedly M. Houssin's *Portrait de M. P. V.* This bust looks absolutely alive. The mask of the young soldier's face shows beneath the shadow of his helmet, every line quivering with ready energy, and animated by an indomitable spirit of command. M. Houssin has been fortunate in his model, but his model has also to be congratulated on having fallen into the hands of a sculptor who could seize and render with such masterly ability and dignity the physical signs which stamp the born soldier. The *Portrait de M. P. V.* is heroic.

Of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt's group of a fisherman sitting with the dead body of her son upon her knees (*Après la tempête*) it is not necessary to write at length. There is an idea, and some little bits, such as the feet of the boy, are not so much amiss, but, taken as a whole, it only gives us cause for regret that one so gifted should expend so much energy as is represented by *Après la tempête* in pursuing a false vocation.

E. F. S. PATTISON.

ART SALES.

On May 24 and following day, Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods sold the choice collection of porcelain of the late Viscount Exmouth. An Arras cup and saucer, deep blue ground, with birds and flowers in gold, sold for 13½ gs.; a Buen Retiro sugar-basin, painted with a battle-piece, 17 gs., and two cups and saucers of similar design, 28 gs. each; Capo di Monte coffee-pot—subject, the Destruction of Niobe and her Children—in colours, in relief, 42½ gs.; sugar-basin, with classical figures in colours and in relief, 20 gs.; the Marine Venus, coloured group of five figures, 35 gs.; Dresden tea-service, painted with Watteau figures and flowers on gold ground, 190 gs.; an écuelle, cover and stand, with medallions of peasants after Teniers, 27 gs., and another, with Watteau figures on gold ground, 37 gs.; group of Venus, Adonis, and Cupid, 33 gs. Menecy, mustard-pot and spoon, green ground with landscapes in pink in medallions, 28 gs.; group of three children, 41 gs. Sèvres, gros-bleu écuelle, with medallions of flowers, 49 gs., and another, green, both painted by Niquet, 50 gs.; large cup and saucer, rose du Barri ground, 73 gs., and another, 60 gs., another, with green and gold scroll ornaments, 90 gs.; cabinet cup and saucer, canary ground, with medallions of children, 160l.; diamond-shaped plateau, with feuille de chou ornaments, trophy in centre, 100 gs., and its companion, 102 gs.; large white cup and saucer, jewelled Sèvres, 85 gs.; Vienna écuelle, with classical figures after Angelica Kauffman, 100 gs.; Dresden porcelain snuff-box in the form of a letter, the seal painted as a head of Adrienne Lecouvreur, formerly belonging to Marshal Saxe, 130l., another, with Watteau figures, from the Bernal collection, 135l.; Bow, Flora, a statuette, 17 inches high, 34 gs., probably similar to that acquired by South Kensington some years since at a much higher price; Bristol coffee cup and saucer, 28½ gs., and a teapot, 36½ gs.; Chelsea plate, deep blue ground, medallions of fruits and birds in centre, 28½ gs., and the companion 31½ gs.; two-handled cup and saucer, pink ground, medallions of exotic birds, 33 gs.; pair of jardinières, turquoise and gold, 48 gs.; pair of figures, bagpiper and shepherdess, 70 gs.; pair of Derby ewers, painted with flowers on a gold ground, medallions of figures, 150 gs.; pair of Nantgarw plates, painted with flowers and birds, 14 gs.; Plymouth, a peacock, 17 gs.; large Worcester jug, deep-blue scaled ground, painted with exotic birds, 85 gs.; Wedgwood cup and saucer, sage-green ground, with three subjects of classical figures and borders in relief in white, 35 gs., the companion, 31 gs.; cup and saucer, with festoons

of vines, green and pink, 29 gs., and the companion, 26 gs.; a silver casket, inlaid with thirteen plaques of Battersea enamel, 73 gs. The miniatures by Cosway sold as follows: *Lady Hamilton*, 32 gs.; *Miss O'Neil*, 47 gs.; *Mrs. Fitzherbert*, 56 gs.; *Mrs. Siddons*, 36 gs.; and the *Princess Sophia*, 40 gs. Italian illumination by Giulio Clovio, *The Virgin and Child*, in a lunette, with mottoes and devices of Pope Clement VII., 24 gs., and its companion the same. The Sèvres dessert-service presented by Louis XVI. to Mr. Hope of Amsterdam, with the Hope arms and classical designs on a gros-bleu ground, was bought in at 4,500l.

THE second part of the Wynne-Ellis collection was sold on Saturday at Christie's. It comprised principally those Dutch and Flemish pictures not for the National Gallery: some works of merit; many bought with a too implicit confidence in the faith or knowledge of the dealers who supplied them. Among the pictures deserving of chronicle was a view of old London Bridge, signed and dated by C. de Jonghe, 1650, which, after brisk competition, was knocked down for 500 gs. For 322 gs. was sold the portrait of Katherine Furleyer claiming to be Albert Dürer's, and of which some history was given by the auctioneer. Originally, he stated, in the collection of Charles I., it had found its way to Munich, and was brought thence by Mr. Munder. It was sold at Christie's twenty-five years ago. By Rembrandt, a portrait of a man in a black dress and hat realised 630 gs., while another of a lady in a black dress and ruff sold for 130 gs. Several examples attributed to Rubens and Vandyke went at low prices. A well-known Cuyp, from the collection of Lord Coventry, realised the great price of the sale. The *Shepherd and Shepherdess*, a picture which has more than once been described, fell to Mr. Newman's bid of 1,140 gs. The whole sale produced upwards of 10,000l.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE prizes given by the directors of the Royal Aquarium were awarded last Monday, Messrs. Millais, R.A.; G. D. Leslie, A.R.A.; H. S. Marks, A.R.A., and S. C. Hall, being the judges. In the department of oil-painting the gold medal and the prize of 100l. were carried off by Mr. C. Green's picture, entitled "*May it please your Majesty*," exhibited two years ago in the Royal Academy. For water-colour drawing Mr. J. D. Watson took the gold medal and 100l., and for sculpture Mr. Boehm was selected for a similar honour.

THERE is now in England a picture attributed to Raphael, interesting as well by its curious history as by its intrinsic merit. It belongs to J. C. Hooker, Esq., of Rome, but it was formerly in the possession of the nuns of the famous convent of Santa Chiara, in Raphael's native city of Urbino. The subject is the *Virgin and Child*, the face of the mother expressing the influence of Perugino's art, and the general motive of the composition being identical with several representations of the same subject scattered through different European galleries. Prof. Farabulini, who has made a careful examination of the painting, supported by much curious research into its history, expresses a confident opinion of its authenticity, and this judgment, though directly contradicted by the opinions of Passavant and Signor Cavalcaselle, gains credit from an examination of the documentary evidence to which neither of these writers has devoted any attention. Passavant, who never himself saw the picture, was partly influenced in his decision by a mistaken interpretation of an inscription which is to be found upon the back of the panel, recited by Pungileoni, who in his comment upon it was the first to cast a doubt upon the authenticity of the work. This inscription runs "... fu comperato da Isabetta da Gobio madre di ... Raffael Santi ... 1548 ... per fiorini 25," and for some time this was

interpreted to mean that the picture was bought by the mother of Raphael in 1548—a statement manifestly absurd, first, because it was the grandmother, and not the mother, of Raphael who was named Isabetta; and, secondly, because the mother of Raphael, even allowing for the blunder in her name, died in 1491. It was no wonder that, according to this reading, Pungileoni should have been induced to discredit the inscription as spurious, and to throw doubt upon the genuineness of the painting to which it was attached, nor is it surprising that Passavant, following Pungileoni, should have adopted the same conclusion. But Prof. Farabulini, with more careful research of historical authority, has been able to find for the inscription a more natural meaning. He has discovered that she who was known by the title of Isabetta da Gobio was not Raphael's grandmother, but the Princess Isabetta, daughter of Federico, Duke of Urbino, and brother of Guidobaldo, his successor. This lady was born in the year 1461, and was betrothed at ten years of age to the warlike Lord of Rimini, Roberto Malatesta. The marriage took place in 1475, but in 1481 Malatesta was slain, and immediately afterwards his wife, Isabetta, decided on retiring from the world, and accordingly entered the convent of Santa Chiara, which she had herself built and endowed with all her alienable property. This is the convent in which the picture, until lately, was carefully treasured; and that a picture corresponding to the one now in the possession of Mr. Hooker was there at the close of the sixteenth century we have the positive evidence of a contemporary chronicle to prove. The writer of this chronicle, under date 1590, in describing a visit to the different convents says: "I will not here make mention of all the churches, but will come at once to Santa Chiara, in which we find two things worthy of notice. One is a painting, a foot and a half in height, representing the Blessed Mother with her Son in her arms, a work by Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino, preserved with jealous care by the reverend mothers." With these facts in his possession, Prof. Farabulini does not find it difficult to give an intelligible reading to the inscription on the back of the panel. According to his interpretation it should run in full, "Questo quadro fu comperato da Isabetta da Gobio, madre di questo convento. Raphael Santi da Urbino lo fece. Nel 1548 fu stimato per fiorini 25;" that is to say, "This picture was purchased by Isabetta da Gobio, mother of this convent: Raphael Sanzio, of Urbino, painted it. In 1548 it was valued at 25 florins." The Professor adduces another piece of evidence in support of his confident belief in the authorship of Raphael. Vasari mentions the fact that Raphael executed for Guidobaldo, brother of Isabella, two pictures of Madonnas, and Passavant, in his endeavour to identify these works, concludes that one of them is the small *Holy Family* in St. Petersburg. But Prof. Farabulini endeavours to prove that one of these pictures is that now possessed by Mr. Hooker, which passed at the time into the possession of Guidobaldo's sister. We have recited the Professor's conclusions, and have drawn attention to some of the facts upon which they are based, for the sake of the curious historical interest which the inscription has aroused. The picture itself, which Passavant assigns to L'Ingegno and Cavalcaselle to Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, is endowed with great refinement of spiritual sentiment, and is executed with earnest but imperfect study of nature. It is rich in colour, and, although apparently founded upon the earlier composition of Perugino, it does not suggest the hand of an inferior copyist, but speaks rather of the presence of distinct artistic feeling not as yet in full possession of its resources.

IN the week following June 12 the Royal Institute of British Architects will hold their biennial conference. On the first day the Queen's gold medal will be presented to M. J. L. Duc, the architect of the Palais de Justice, in Paris, and

during the week papers will be read by Mr. Burgess, on the importance of Greek art and literature for the study of Gothic, and by Mr. R. Phene Spiers, on Egyptian architecture. There will also be discussions on the Improved Industrial Dwellings Act, and on a proposed new Building Act to apply equally to London and the provincial towns.

MR. A. W. HUNT's two landscapes of Whitby, rejected by the Royal Academy, are now on view in the gallery of the Fine Art Society in Bond Street. They form an interesting and instructive comment upon the system by which pictures are selected at Burlington House.

THAT indefatigable painter, Mr. William Simpson, to whom it seems to be a matter of equal indifference to travel ten thousand miles or to paint a hundred pictures, has filled the gallery, 191 Piccadilly, with a series (202) of his sketches painted in India, and during the journey out and home, on the occasion of the tour of the Prince of Wales. *India "Special,"* is the rather unreasonable title bestowed upon this collection. Most of the subjects are in sepia, with a few coloured ones interspersed; the main incidents of the royal progress, picturesque native groups, landscape and architectural views, and whatever else comes to hand, form Mr. Simpson's abundant and varied subject-matter. We observed particularly *The Prince of Wales in the Terai, Beating the Jungle; Illuminations in Benares; After Dinner at the Camp-fire; Lama Dance before the Prince at Jummo.* The exhibition cannot fail to be highly attractive at the present moment, and must indeed, under any circumstances, be commended as showing a large amount of rapidly apprehending and rapidly realising talent.

SOME late discoveries on the high ground of the Esquiline and Viminal hills, and near the premises of the railway station at Rome, may class if not among those of artistic, certainly among those of high historic interest; for this newest treasure-trove comprises objects that may be referred to antiquity prior to the founding of Rome. Such is the apparent age of sundry terra-cotta vessels, weapons, and domestic utensils found near the elevation called Monte della Giustizia, part (if not the whole) of which belongs to the Agger of Servius Tullius. Still more curious is one object dug up together with several others of the class and character above-named: a vase formed of the clay of the Esquiline, in which it lay embedded, and evidently wrought with the hand, not with any instrument; especially remarkable on account of the archaic inscription, consisting only of three mysterious letters at the bottom—which it has been assumed *may* be the most ancient specimen of writing on any monument yet found in Latium. Another vase with two handles among those things recently dug up is of the same clay and wrought in the same manner, this bearing signs of high antiquity in the rude *graffiti* designs adorning it—so uncouth, indeed, as scarcely to be called "designs," and to seem like attempts made in some remote period when neither ornamentation nor geometric figures were known or could be applied for any artistic purpose by the authors of such barbaric manufacture. Numerous bronze objects were found near the Monte della Giustizia in the recent *scavi*—one of the Imperial period—not of such historic value as the terra-cottas; though several medals, particularly those of the Antonine Emperors, may be signalised among the treasure-trove of this more familiar description.

AN "Art Treasures Exhibition of North Wales and the Border Counties" is to be held at Wrexham from July to October, under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster.

SINCE Mr. Hemans' letter which appeared in the *Academy* of May 20 was written, the collection of prehistoric antiquities in the Kircherian Museum has been enriched by the addition of

specimens from other countries of northern as well as southern Europe. A number of the implements are of *silver*, not of *silver*, as printed.

AN exhibition of manufactures has been lately opened in the Politeama or day-theatre at Florence. The exhibition consists chiefly of articles of furniture. As might be expected, there are excellent specimens of wood-carving, an art in which the Florentines justly enjoy the highest reputation. The cabinet-work may be said to be perfect, quite equal to the best French in skill and accuracy of technical execution. Great progress has been made in the manufacture of carpets, which, not long since, used to be in Italy of the coarsest qualities and most tasteless description. The iron work, especially bedroom furniture, is equal to the best made in any part of Europe, and that of cast-iron is also of the first order. Inlays, such as ebony inlaid with ivory, which is engraved, are also admirable but very costly. The Marchese Ginori's majolica and porcelain are both magnificently represented by a number of specimens, excellent in form and skilfully designed and painted. On the whole, this is a creditable and encouraging exhibition.

PRINCE LEOLOPOLD visited the works on the façade of the Cathedral of Florence on the 25th ult. accompanied by the Syndic and by the architect. The building of the rubble interior of the new ornamental front is proceeding rapidly, and the workmanship is excellent; when the marble casing will be commenced cannot be estimated. It will evidently be desirable to complete the rubble work first, and when it is finished to case it with marble. It is obvious, however, from a fresco in St. Mark's representing the old front that rubble and marble-facing were carried on simultaneously by the first architects.

A COLLECTION of water-colour paintings by Albert Hertel, professor of landscape-painting in the Royal Academy of Berlin, is now being exhibited at the studio of Mr. Felix Moscheles, Cadogan Gardens.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been opened among the students of the Quartier Latin in Paris for the purpose of setting up a statue to Michelet. In a petition addressed to Government on the subject, they request permission to place the statue in one of the squares of their particular quarter.

AN exhibition of portraits of the Virgin Mary has been organised by the Society of St. John, in Paris. It is open every day to the public without charge.

A BUST of Meyerbeer by M. de Saint-Vidal has just been placed in the new Opera-house in Paris. This work has never been exhibited.

A CERAMIC exhibition has been organised at Quimper, the seat of the ancient manufacture. One of its principal objects is the identification and collection of pieces of Quimper ware, which have often hitherto been wrongly attributed to other potteries. M. Champfleury, it is stated in the *Chronique*, is preparing a history of this manufacture.

A SUM of 15,000 fr. has been voted by the French Government towards the works which are being carried on at Tlemcen, in Algeria, for the conservation of the ancient Mosque of Mansourah, and the consolidation of its fine minaret. The Mussulman subjects of France are reported to be extremely grateful for this proof of the interest which the Government feels in them and their religion; but it may be surmised that it is less in the interests of Mohammedanism than of art that the grant has been made. The Mosque of Mansourah is one of the finest examples of ancient Moorish architecture in existence, and its preservation is to be desired equally with monuments of the Christian faith.

THE *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* opens this month with a long notice of Carpeaux by Paul Mantz. Now that the first sentiments of pity and grief for

the suffering life and early death of this eminent sculptor have become softened by time, it is easier to form an unprejudiced judgment of his work. M. Mantz speaks of him with great admiration, but without that exaggerated praise which characterised the earlier critiques and biographical notices. A good many of his studies and rough sketches for sculpture are reproduced and a héliogravure given of his "Flora" in the new gallery of the Louvre. Charles Blanc continues his lessons on the decoration of vases; Clément de Ris reviews Gontz-viller's *Musée de Colmar*, a small monograph which gives an excellent account of Martin Schongauer and the works attributed to him in his native city. The reviewer does not limit himself to Colmar, however, but enumerates and criticises the few works that are to be found ascribed to Schongauer in other places. It is curious that in spite of many researches only one really authentic picture, *The Virgin in the Rose-Garden*, at Colmar, should be known by this charming early German master. M. Clément de Ris speaks of *The Death of the Virgin* in the National Gallery as his work, and it is certainly ascribed to him in the catalogue, but this is extremely doubtful. Two long series of articles come to an end in this number of the *Gazette*. Louis Gonse finishes his critique of Jules Jacquemart in *Les Graveurs Contemporains*, and Anatole de Montaiglon finishes his learned study of the history of the "Family of Juste in France." There is nothing remarkable in the way of illustration.

OUR Consul at Florence, Mr. D. E. Colnaghi, concludes an interesting report upon his district, just printed among the Parliamentary papers, with a few notes on the antiquities of Reggio, taken from an article on the subject by Professor Gaetano Chierici. The chief remains of the Roman period in this neighbourhood consist of vestiges of Rhegium Lepidi and of Brixillum, met with under the modern Reggio and Brescello, at a depth of three metres; the ruins of the village, probably the Nuceria of Ptolemy, about one metre below the surface of a cultivated field, situated at the foot of the hills where the Rio di Lucera flows into the Enza, between the S. Polo and Ciano; a ruined bridge over the Enza, nine miles up the mountains; and various remains of buildings and sepulchres brought to light by the ploughs, chiefly on the line of the Enza. Of the Gallic Age no positive monument remains. The Iron Age is seen in three terramare in the plain, one, and traces of two others in the hill district, and tombs at Bismantova. The Age of Bronze is represented by twenty-six terramare, and traces of two more, the greater number in the plain. In four of these the remains of piles are visible, and their subaqueous formation is clear. Of the Archaeolithic period are four sites of habitations, various traces, and sepulchres at S. Polo. The terramare, mentioned above, are the most singular and the best known vestiges of former times in the province. They mark the inhabitant sites of two pre-Roman Ages of bronze and of the first use of iron. They are composed of a mixture of clay, cinders, charcoal, woody residues, bones of animals (some no longer native to the soil), remains of huts, broken pottery, and domestic articles made of stone, bone, and metal—but very rarely of gold and silver, and a few only of chalk and amber. The principal distinctive mark between the two Ages of Bronze and Iron is the absence, or predominance, of this latter metal, with which, later on, silver, glass, alphabetical writing, sculpture, and turned, varnished, and baked pottery were associated, none of which are met with in the Age of Bronze. The terramare are excavated for manure, a cartload of this earth costing about 4 lire; some deposits are already exhausted, and but few fresh ones are discovered. The most extensive, like those of Campeggini, may cover about ten hectares (a hectare is about two and a half English acres), others hardly exceed one hectare. In the plain they are found about the depth of little more than a yard.

THE *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst* opens with an interesting study, by Dr. Moritz Thausing, of the wall-paintings by Masaccio and Masolino in the Brancacci Chapel. These paintings were the chief source whence the great masters of the sixteenth century derived that boldness and naturalism of style that is called by Vasari the "modern manner." They were the "high school," says Dr. Thausing, "for all succeeding artists, not excepting the greatest names." Such being the case, it would be interesting to know for certain to whom the world owes these noble and instructive works; but unfortunately modern opinion is divided upon this point. Vasari states unhesitatingly that both Masolino and Masaccio were employed in this chapel, and points out the frescoes that each accomplished. He seems, however, to have somewhat confused the histories of the little and the big Thomas of Florence; and the new historians of Italian art, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, are of opinion, from internal evidence, that all the frescoes of the Brancacci Chapel, except those which are known to be by Filippino Lippi, are by one hand, and that hand Masaccio's. This view, which has been adopted by many art-critics, Dr. Thausing now seeks to controvert. He returns to the old belief that Masolino executed several of the frescoes in the Brancacci chapel, and brings forward a curious little point of evidence in regard to the nimbus. Masolino followed the old Giottoesque form of a flat disk behind the head; while Masaccio drew the circle in perspective above the head. Precisely this difference is found in the frescoes attributed by Vasari to these respective masters. Still, however, it is possible that Masaccio used the old conventional nimbus at first, and afterwards, when his art had developed, adopted the more naturalistic perspective form. The other articles of the number are a sketch "In Memoriam" of the late Josef Selleny, the Viennese artist, whose works have lately been exhibited in the Künstlerhaus, and the conclusion of Dr. Albert Jansen's learned monograph on Baccio Bandinelli. This probably will soon be republished in a separate form. It is an important contribution to art-literature.

A COLLECTION of Greek and Roman coins was sold on Wednesday this week by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge. Among the more valuable were these:—Ilium Troadis, tetradrachm, bearing a head of Pallas, &c., 16l. 10s.; Marium, Soli, or Marathus Phoeniciae, 10l. 10s.; Celenderis Ciliciae, 7l.; Lycia, or Cilicia, 8l.; Soli Ciliciae, 9l.; Persian Satraps Darnes and Syennesis, 4l.; Bithynia, Prusias II., tetradrachm, 10l. 5s.; Nicomedes III., 5l. 7s. 6d.; Seleucia Syriae, tetradrachm, 6l.; Judaea, Shekel of the third year, 3l. 1s.; Antiochus I., 5l. 5s.; Antiochus II., 5l. 7s. 6d.; ditto, the rare Hercules type, 12l. 15s.; Seleucus IV., Apollo on omphalos, 5l. 2s. 6d.; tetradrachm of Alexander I., minted at Sidon, 4l.; Antiochus VI., with all titles, 17l.; Demetrius II., 5l. 5s.; Alexandrus II., Zabina, 4l. 4s.; Cleopatra and Antiochus VIII., *obv.* their portraits, *rev.* their titles, Jupiter seated, &c., 16l. 10s.; Antiochus VIII., minted at Tarsus, 14l. 5s.; tetradrachm of Valarsaces, brother of Arsaces VI., of Parthia, 11l. 11s.; Eucratides, 12l. 15s.; Heliclos, draped diademate expressive bust to right, *rev.* Jupiter standing with thunderbolt, &c., 14l.; Arsinoe, sister and wife of Ptolemaeus II., 13l. 5s.; tetradrachms of Carthage, from 5l. to 2l. 12s.; gold tetradrachm of Ptolemaeus Soter, 11l. 10s.; octodrachm of Ptolemaeus and Berenice, 12l. 12s.; ditto of Arsinoe, 11l.; of Ptolemaeus III., 16l.; quadriga of Cyrene, from 6l. to 4l., &c. The whole collection realised 535l. 10s.

THE Academies of Berlin and Vienna have recently been enriched by liberal bequests from the well known connoisseur and art-collector, Herr Maler, who died at Venice at the close of last year, at the age of seventy-five. The bulk of Herr Maler's property is to be expended in founding five travelling scholarships for German students of architecture, which are to be tenable for three

years, and to be awarded by a committee composed of members selected conjointly for the purpose by the Academies of Berlin and Vienna. The students are to be sent under the direction of an artist, or some one well versed in archaeology, to Italy and Greece, and from thence to Asia Minor or to Egypt; and are to undergo so efficient a training, according to the directions of the testator, that if these admit of being put practically into effect, the Maler Foundation can scarcely fail to create a new era in German architecture.

THE STAGE.

SIGNOR ROSSI AS ROMEO.

THIS week has seen two Shaksperian performances alike in praiseworthy and conscientious intention and alike in their incapacity to move or to fascinate. Too much of visible effort and labour, too much of art that remains unconcealed, belongs both to the Romeo of Signor Rossi and to the Shyllock of Mr. Phelps. But Mr. Phelps' performance has the merit of the greater equality, and that of the greater consistency, and if one does not on the whole think of it as among his happiest, one thinks of it at any rate as one good work out of many—and in itself scholarly, thoughtful, unmarred by devices of immediate, since tricky, appeal. Signor Rossi's endeavour to represent Romeo is, so far as physical qualities are concerned, a gallant struggle and a forlorn hope. Now and again, indeed, he does appear so to identify himself with his part that something of the light of youth comes out on his face, but this, which should be constant, is very rare. In the main the vivacity and elasticity of youth are wanting, and to the English eye their place is not supplied by the peculiar suppleness of trained maturity which Signor Rossi can command. The massive head and portly figure ill accord with anybody's notions of a love-sick boy. Of naïve expression and of passionate devotion on this world-worn face there is but little. Experience has given the actor the command of variety: this or that look, the symbol of a feeling, comes with him, indeed, at so slight a call; but it comes rarely quite adequately. The sudden look, the sudden gesture, the changed voice—in a word, the convincing moment by which to the imagination of the playgoer the actor is the actor no more, but the character instead—that is all lacking.

One or two exceptions may certainly be noted; one is to be found in the scene with Friar Lawrence in the third act. Until the arrival of the Nurse, the Friar has had the best of it—that is, he has expressed with greater naturalness than Romeo the sentiments that are proper to him: sentiments undoubtedly much easier to express, for with him nothing is pitched in the high key of the lover; it is a man of the world *doublé*, as the French say, with a man of religion who bestows on passionate youth such counsel as passionate youth may receive. The task of the one is lighter to the actor than that of the other. And thus, when it is question of banishment from Verona, the representative of the Friar has more of truth in the gesture and tone with which he reminds Romeo that the world is wide than Romeo has when he answers to him that there is no world without Verona walls. But with the entry of the Nurse all that is changed. Truth and significance of expression are especially Romeo's—his face lights up with new hope as he places on his finger the ring of his mistress. There is one good touch. And for the earlier wildness and grovelling, though they seem to us carried to excess in mere physical action, Signor Rossi has, we know, such warrant from the text as may be supplied in Friar Lawrence's words:—

"Thy tears are womanish: thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man."

The scene of farewell, in the same act, is one of those entered into most fully by the actor; but

he does not seem to be in it from the beginning: high excitement is only reached at the end. The very end is, at the least, effective, and it is noteworthy as less suggestive of purely material passion than is the balcony scene with its bit of new and petty stage-invention with the scarf. "Dry sorrow drinks our blood," wisely remembers Signor Rossi here, in the scene of farewell, and he descends to the orchard pale and shaken with the grief of loss; but eloquent and impressive as are his gestures of departure, they are those of middle life with its protecting fondness rather than of exuberant youth. So almost a father might take leave of his child. Thus, again and again, throughout the performance, we are met with this difficulty of age, which seems not only to mar much in the actual execution, but to have coloured, and coloured wrongly, the very conception of the part.

To consider Signor Rossi's Romeo in further detail is unnecessary. It is not to our mind a performance upon which the labour of analysis would be well spent; for if it is without any other grave faults than those which are owing to the absence of youth, it is also without genius. In England the caprice of fashion and the fact that long-suffering audiences have often been fain to endure a Romeo who was a good-looking "walking gentleman" have done much for this Romeo, who is not a walking gentleman at all, but at least a student and a celebrated foreigner. This Romeo is not the Romeo of our common stage experience, nor is he the Romeo of our dreams. It is a pleasure to add that the support afforded to the actor is less grotesquely insufficient than in *Hamlet*.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE Haymarket version of *L'Etrangère* is promised us to-night. Mr. Hermann Vezin, Miss Henrietta Hodson and Miss Helen Barry will take the principal parts in the piece.

For Monday, the *Procès Veuradieux* is announced at the Royalty Theatre, where during the week the *Réveillon* and *Gavaut, Minard, et Compagnie* have been the pieces performed.

Girofle-Girofla has taken the place of *La petite mariée* on the stage of the Opéra-Comique.

THE week has generally been a week of small changes, not of large productions. The Haymarket, since the collapse of Madame Janaschek, has been fortunate in regaining Miss Neilson. This lady has appeared, with genuine popular success, as Julia in *The Hunchback*, and as Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*. But among these two performances the palm must be given to her Julia. Neither character is on the part of its author a very faithful or individual study from the life; but it is one of the happiest qualities of Miss Neilson that she is able to endow with life many things that authors have left colourless and pale. Miss Neilson is far from being an artist of accomplished skill—completeness is the last merit which thus far our experience of her has led us to expect in her work. But she has good gifts, just enough knowledge of her art to cover many deficiencies, and the capacity for taking pains without ever forcing on us the sense of effort. Indeed, her seeming spontaneity makes much of her charm. She herself apparently enjoys, and she conveys enjoyment to the bulk of her audience. It is not the revelation of a genius, nor the opportunity for unfamiliar study, that one expects from her representation of conventional characters of the drama such as Julia in Sheridan Knowles's play, and Pauline in Lord Lytton's. But one expects, and not in vain, that Miss Neilson will give to these conventional characters something of a bright personality which shall make them less tedious and less unreal.

DURING the week Signor Salvini has been appearing as Hamlet and Othello, and last evening Macbeth was to be produced for the first time in London by the popular Italian actor.

MRS. ROUSBY has appeared for her benefit at the Olympic in *The Wife: a Tale of Mantua*. Within the last year or so Mrs. Rousby has gained something in her art: rather more, indeed, than had before seemed likely; but Mrs. Rousby's claims to be considered an intellectual actress of individual power are indeed by no means strong. At the same playhouse—the Olympic—Sir Randal Roberts, by his appearance in *Naval Engagements*, has done more than he could do in his own comedietta to show himself a comedian whom the public may accept.

Abel Drake has been withdrawn from the Princess's, where Miss Rose Coghlan has this week been giving a vigorous representation of Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*. *Delicate Ground*, with Miss Caroline Hill in the part of the heroine, has also been presented at this theatre.

The Ticket of Leave Man is to be revived for a few nights at the Olympic.

THE illness of Mdlle. Bernhardt has obliged her to relinquish for a few days her character of Mrs. Clarkson in *L'Etrangère* to Mdlle. Lloyd.

THE present season at the Charing Cross Theatre will end, it is announced, on June 9.

Two morning representations of *A Scrap of Paper* by the Court company are announced to be given at the Gaiety Theatre: one of them to-day, and the other next Saturday.

MR. TOOLE will reappear at the Gaiety Theatre for a fortnight's engagement, beginning at the end of July.

MDME. DOLARO will have a benefit at the Gaiety Theatre on June 17.

Two new *sociétaires* have been elected to the Comédie Française, and the choice has fallen on M. Barré and Mdlle. Baretta. M. Barré is a most conscientious and useful actor, who has long been waiting for his reward. He is not an actor who will draw a house, but he is an actor who may always confidently be relied on to help a piece; and those who consider that the good of the *ensemble* demands that the *sociétaires* should not consist wholly of "stars" much approve the election of M. Barré. Mdlle. Blanche Baretta is uncommonly young; but she is also uncommonly gifted, and the public has quickly adopted her as a favourite. She is probably the best *ingénue* just now on the stage, and her election, though early, can hardly be deemed premature. She comes to the Théâtre Français from the Odéon, and among the few services which the Odéon has within the last few years rendered to the stage must be reckoned this, that it has supplied the leading theatre with three of its most popular artists. Mdlle. S. Bernhardt, Mdlle. Emilie Broisat, and Mdlle. Blanche Baretta all won their first successes in the Latin quarter.

THE Théâtre Français has produced with great success the one-act poetical drama of M. François Coppée—*Luthier de Crémone*. As we hope to speak of it at greater length when the poem itself—an exquisite little example of literary art—shall be before us, we will content ourselves to-day by telling its story, the improbability of which has been too much insisted upon by at least one critic. The story of Quentin Matsys—legend or fact—is not far removed from it. Taddeo Ferrari, the most celebrated "maître luthier" of Cremona, is so wrapped up in his own art that he has promised that his daughter's hand shall be bestowed on the workman who wins that prize for the best violin which the town of Cremona has offered. Giannina, the daughter, loves one of the workmen already—Sandro, a workman for her father—and she is unwilling that her happiness shall rest on the chance of his producing the best instrument. He does not produce it. It is produced by the deformed Filippo—a repulsive man, but a great artist—and he loves

the girl Giannina. Sandro, in a moment of overpowering jealousy, feeling sure that his rival has made the better instrument, changes the one from its own case to that of the other. But Filippo has been before him, and he is defeating his own ends; for Filippo, only too well aware that he would himself be abhorred by the young girl, has been willing that the other should have the young girl and with her the praise of the work. He has himself put his own violin into the case that should hold Sandro's. Sandro's jealousy has not killed his honour. Remorse seizes him, and as the judgment is going to be pronounced, he rushes to Filippo with the story of his traitorous action. Filippo's violin is seen to be the best, and to him the prize and the daughter are awarded; but, looking at his own ill-favoured person, he feels that the prize must be enough for him, and receives Giannina's hand only to place it in that of the less generous and less capable craftsman. That the piece is written charmingly every one allows. It is also effectively acted: Coquelin in the contrasts he is able to get out of the part of the hunchback artist; and Mdle. Baretta—the new *sociétaire* of the Français—playing with grace the part of Giannina.

THE little one-act comedy *La cigale chez les fourmis*—the joint work of M. Labiche and M. Legouvé—is less a vaudeville in the fashion of the one than a graceful lecture in the fashion of the other. M. Legouvé is an adept in the art of a *conférencier*, and the *conférence* given here is by a man of the world who makes it his business to instruct a rich family in the provinces. Delaunay, as the man of the world, has little difficulty in persuading the newly-rich how everything must be arranged, from the furniture of the house to the dresses of the daughter, and he gets the daughter's hand for his reward. "Nous parlions," says the *Temps*, "nous parlions l'autre jour des exigences auxquelles serait contraint de se plier un théâtre où les femmes et les jeunes filles formeraient la grande majorité du public. La pièce de M. Legouvé n'aurait aucune concession nouvelle à leur faire." It appeals, they say, to the public that appreciates the softness and pleasantness of a painting by Dubuffé. "Elle est écrite pour ce public naïf, délicat et sensible."

THE *Esquisses Parisiennes*—the latest work of Théodore de Banville—contains several studies of theatrical life, among which are noteworthy *L'ingénue de théâtre* and the *Vieille funambule*.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE sixth concert of this Society, which took place at St. James's Hall last Monday, introduced to an English public Rubinstein's fourth symphony—the so-called "Dramatic" symphony in D minor. It is always difficult to criticise an important and elaborate work such as the present after a single hearing, even with the aid of the copious analysis given in the programme of the concert; and I feel considerable diffidence in recording my opinion of the work, as some musicians better acquainted with it than myself, and for whose judgment I have much respect, speak of it as a very interesting, and even as a very great, composition. That it is in one sense "very great" I readily admit, for it takes more than an hour to play; but the impression it produced upon myself, I must honestly say, was that about half of it was fearfully ugly, and the other half insufferably dry. As in most of Rubinstein's other large works—in those at least with which I am acquainted—there are occasionally pleasing ideas, but they are perfectly deluged with the most dreary padding—"one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" The form of the symphony is tolerably regular and clear, but the developments are as diffuse as they are uninteresting. Nothing

but such fertility of idea as is shown by Schubert in his great Symphony in C will justify a composer in writing a piece which takes an hour to play; and here, though the scoring is ingenious, the ideas presented are not for the most part worth listening to. There was at least one cause for great thankfulness—that the symphony did not take two hours instead of one, there being no apparent reason why it should not have done so. As to the designation "dramatic," it is not easy to trace the connexion between the title and the music, though the Finale certainly suggested to my mind the storm scene in *King Lear*, with special prominence given to the part of the fool. The best portion of the symphony is the slow movement, though this would have been still better had it taken seven minutes to play instead of a quarter of an hour. The Scherzo also contains interesting features, but its effect is utterly ruined by its absurd prolixity. Whether Rubinstein thinks he shall be heard for his much speaking, it is difficult to say; but the probability is that the terrible length and tediousness of the work will prevent its frequent repetition. The performance of the very difficult music under Mr. Cusins was truly admirable. Seldom has the Philharmonic orchestra played so finely. The audience endured the work with the most exemplary patience; but the applause was very lukewarm, and was not unmingled with audible tokens of disapproval. Rubinstein the composer and Rubinstein the pianist are two very different persons; and it is most earnestly to be hoped that there is no truth in the rumour that the great artist intends to give up playing in public and devote himself wholly to writing. No quantity of dramatic symphonies would be the smallest compensation for the loss that would be caused by his retirement from the platform.

M. Henri Wieniawski, whose playing was spoken of in these columns last week, was the soloist at this concert, selecting for his performance Beethoven's concerto for the violin. His fine tone and brilliant execution were heard to great advantage; but the "reading," as a whole, was hardly so satisfactory; it appeared too demonstrative, particularly in the first two movements, the former of which was wanting in breadth, and the second in repose. The final Rondo was more suited to M. Wieniawski's style, and here he was thoroughly successful. The cadenza to the first movement (presumably his own) was a very brilliant *tour de force*, and superbly played, but less in keeping with the character of the music than some which on different occasions we have heard from Herr Joachim. But the great Hungarian violinist has so inseparably associated this concerto with his own unapproachable performances of it that any other artist is always heard to a certain disadvantage in the same work. Had it been possible to forget Joachim, we should perhaps have been completely satisfied on Monday. As it was, M. Wieniawski's playing was very fine—in many respects, admirable; but in the comparison, which was inevitable, he came off second best.

The remaining items of the concert consisted of the overtures to *Jessonda* and *Guillaume Tell*, and of vocal music, by Miss Marie Duval, a very promising student of the Royal Academy, and Mr. W. H. Cummings. EBENZER PROTT.

HERR RUBINSTEIN, after having created such a sensation in this country as has not been seen for many years, left for the Continent this week. His last performances in London were at his final Recital at St. James's Hall on Monday, and at the Musical Union on Tuesday. It is needless to enter into details of the various pieces performed; while again to characterise his playing would be a mere exhausting of superlatives. There can hardly be two opinions as to his position as the greatest living pianist, in spite of certain inequalities and uncertainties arising from an impulsive temperament. Herr Rubinstein intends, we understand, to return to England next winter.

A FESTIVAL service in connexion with Trinity College, London, was held in Westminster Abbey on Thursday last. This college, which was formerly known as the "Church Choral Society and College of Church Music," was incorporated under its present title last year. Its special object is the promotion of a knowledge of Church music, for which purpose courses of lectures are given, and classes held at the class-rooms, Ridinghouse Street. The college also grants Diplomas, the examinations for which are held twice a year.

AT the seventh trial of new compositions by the Musical Artists' Society, held at the Royal Academy of Music last Saturday evening, the most important works produced were three string quartets, the compositions of Messrs. C. J. Read, J. Lea Summers, and C. Lahmeyer. Vocal music was also given from the pens of Miss O. Prescott, and Messrs. F. E. Barnes, Eaton Fanning, H. Baumer, H. C. Banister, Arthur O'Leary, F. Westlake, and J. Parry Cole.

HERR HERMANN FRANKE, the violinist, gave a morning concert on Thursday last, which we were unfortunately unable to attend. We can, therefore, only quote the chief items of the very interesting programme. The most important works announced for performance were Tartini's violin sonata in G minor, two movements of a new violin concerto by Reinhold Becker, a concerto by Bach for two violins, and a piano quartet by Brahms.

WE have been requested to contradict a statement which recently appeared in the columns of a contemporary not remarkable for accuracy in musical matters, to the effect that the National Training School for Music opened with a staff of four professors. The real number is fourteen, all of whom are already at work in the school. The complete list is as follows:—Principal, Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan; Piano, Herr Pauer (Principal), Messrs. J. F. Barnett, Arthur O'Leary, and Franklin Taylor; Organ, Dr. Stainer; Violin, Mr. Carrodus; Singing, Signor Visetti (Principal), Miss Ferrari, Mr. J. B. Welch, and Mr. W. H. Monk (solfege); Harmony and Composition, Mr. Sullivan (Principal), Drs. Bridge and Stainer, Messrs. W. C. Alwyn, W. H. Monk, and E. Prout. The number of pupils at present under instruction is about sixty.

By a slip of the pen in our last issue, the performance of Brahms's "Requiem" at Cambridge was stated to have been given by the Cambridge Musical Society instead of by the Cambridge University Musical Society. As there is an institution under the former name as well as one under the latter, it is right that the credit should be given to the proper parties; we therefore make the correction.

AT the Crystal Palace on Tuesday week next, the 13th inst., Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*, with Mendelssohn's music, is to be produced. This will be the first performance of the work on the stage in this country, though the music has several times been given in our concert-rooms. The cast is intended to be as follows:—*Oedipus*, Mr. Hermann Vezin; *Theseus*, Mr. E. Leathes; *Creon*, Mr. H. Moxon; *Polynices*, Mr. E. Noel; *Antigone*, Miss Geneviève Ward; *Ismene*, Miss Emily Vining; and *Chorus-master*, Mr. Arthur Matthison.

AT the Opéra-National-Lyrique, Paris, a one-act comic opera, *Le Magnifique*, text by M. Jules Barbier, music by M. Jules Philippot, has been produced with but slight success.

M. VICTOR MASSÉ is still in want of a *prima donna* for his new opera, *Paul et Virginie*. Mdle. Heilbron, who was to have sung in the work, has cancelled her engagement with M. Vizentini at the Opéra-National-Lyrique, and paid forfeit, having accepted a more lucrative offer for the Italian Opera at St. Petersburg.

THE engraving of the full score of the last part

of Wagner's "Nibelungen" drama, the *Götterdämmerung*, is now completed, and it is therefore probable that the whole work will be published in time for the forthcoming performances at Bayreuth. With regard to these latter, we learn that every seat is already sold for the first series, and that early application will be necessary on the part of those who may wish to attend the second or third.

At Döbling, near Vienna, died, on April 2 last, Anton Mitterwurzer, a celebrated German operatic baritone, whose name is more especially connected with Wagner's music. He was the first creator of the part of the "Fliegende Holländer" in the opera of that name, and the part of Wolf-ram in *Tannhäuser* was expressly composed for him.

MESSRS. SIEGISMUND AND VOLKENING, the publishers of Leipzig, offer a prize of 1,000 marks (50*l.*), for the best elementary instruction-book for the piano.

It is no new thing to find our Music Notes copied without acknowledgment into American papers; but the *Music Trade Review*, in its issue of the 18th ult., has hit upon a novel and ingenious device. Besides reprinting some four or five notes bodily from our numbers of April 22 and 29, we find the London correspondent of the paper in question commencing his letter by appropriating *verbatim* our criticism of the performance of Brahms's *Rinaldo* at the Crystal Palace. He transcribes sixteen lines from our article (p. 395 of the present volume) without a word of alteration, except the substitution of "I" for "we" and the use of the expression "title part" instead of "solo part." The idea is certainly an original one, and must save the London correspondent a world of trouble in forming his own opinions. Whether the editor of the paper in question will think it reputable, or even honest, is another matter. We shall look for future numbers of the *Music Trade Review* with some interest, to see whether or not its correspondent's action is repudiated. If it be, we shall of course, in justice to the proprietors of the paper, inform our readers.

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